CONFESSIONS OF A MOVIE WARDROBE MISTRESS

Movie Weekly

10¢

January 5
1924

How to get in a Studio
See page 8

Mary ALDEN tells a New Secret about Women

Lois Wilson

Vol. III

MOVIE WEEKLY

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Coming

For Our Readers

Beginning the New Year of 1924, Movie Weekly plans an extensive editorial expansion that will include real life stories of the screen stars, told anonymously by the stars themselves.

Beginning

Next week, we will publish "The Trail I Struck to Hollywood," by a screen star who you all know well, but whose identity must remain secret. In it you will read of a girl's upward climb to movie fame from the counter of a five and ten cent store.

As Well As

Further "Confessions of a Movie Wardrobe Mistress," in which a matron who has seen life strives to shield a young and innocent girl from the pitfalls of a screen career.

The Latest News

On the screen plays and players will continue to be Movie Weekly's steadfast policy for the year of 1924.

On the newsstands Thursday.

EVERYWHERE!

(The picture of Miss Lois Wilson on the cover was taken especially for Movie Weekly by Famous Players-Lasky Corp., and is published through their courtesy.)

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Life is just like that!

In a curling plume of thin, grayish smoke passed *Martha Mansfield*, former *"Follies"* girl and motion picture star — *Movie Weekly* mourns her untimely end

By James Craig Gordon

SOME years ago, there was a merry party in one of New York's celebrated restaurants.

Beautiful girls from the Ziegfeld chorus were enjoying a midnight feast with gentlemen who could order a supper dispassionately.

One of these lovely girls put a cigarette between her lips, and struck a match. For no reason at all, a silence came upon the gay party at the table. The light of the match flared up, and still for no reason at all, those around the table watched it with idle interest.

As a slender plume of purple smoke rose from her parted lips, the girl dropped the match, and said:

"Life is just like that!"

They stared at her. She was one of those jolly persons, teasing, laughing and buoyant and young. Now she was serious. The mood of the moment was unaccountably serious.

"Life is like a cigarette," she said quietly. "A flicker of flame; a red glow and a warmth; a drifting cloud of smoke and then—*ashes!*"

The waiter came with a steaming tray, and the spell of the moment was broken. They laughed and sang and toasted and forgot, while on the gilded tobacco tray the heap of gray ashes grew.

But one of the men remembered. Afterward he pondered. Of all the men in the party, he was considered the most serious. Some said he was a philosopher. He knew philosophy when he encountered it, even if it was cheap philosophy and the utterance of a show girl.

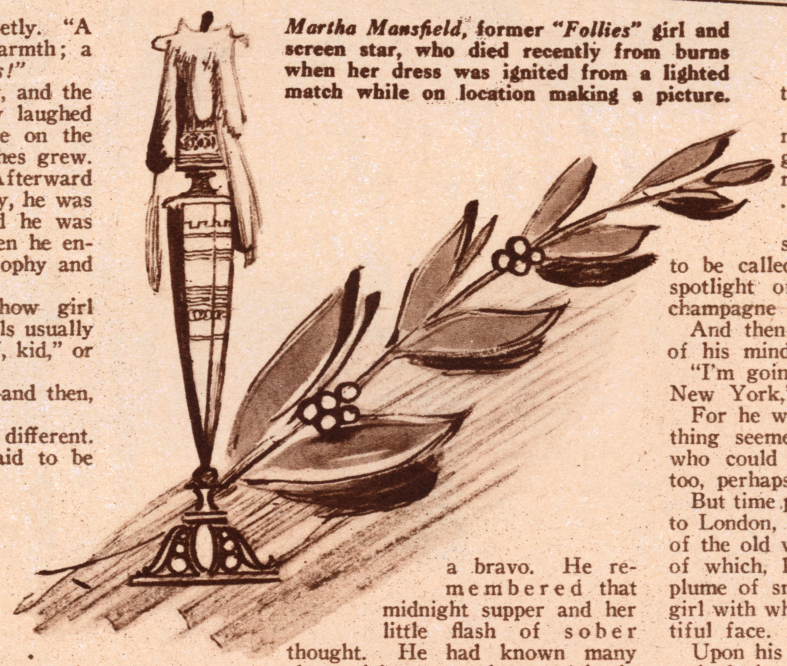
He considered it strange that a show girl should have said such a thing. Show girls usually said, "Oh, my Gawd!" or "Do your stuff, kid," or "Whatcha got on yer hip?"

This girl had said, "Life is like that—and then, *ashes!*"

He wondered if a show girl *could* be different. It didn't seem possible. They were said to be all alike—sooner or later.

The girl drifted out of his crowd. For more than a year he forgot her. Then he heard.

She was not with the Follies any longer. She had graduated. She was in the movies.



***Martha Mansfield*, former *"Follies"* girl and screen star, who died recently from burns when her dress was ignited from a lighted match while on location making a picture.**

AT THIS information, the man's eyes grew puzzled. Was she a screen bathing beauty? A dancing model? Or was she actually trying to act?

The answer was that she was actually trying to act. Trying hard. Working earnestly, loyally, hopefully, to overcome the legend of the beautiful but dumb.

One evening in the Strand Theatre on Broadway, the man saw a picture in which the girl appeared. He wondered if his eyes were jesting. The girl was not trying to act.

She was acting!

In his heart, the man gave her three cheers and a bravo. He remembered that midnight supper and her little flash of sober thought. He had known many show girls, many chorus girls, in his time, but he had never known one to reveal such sound philosophy coupled with such poetical phrasing. Usually the girls he had known had been glad girls, mad girls, sometimes bad girls, but rarely sad girls. Yet here was a girl. . . .

Later, he heard more wonderful news. The chorus marionette who had helped so joyously to deck with garlands of abandon that one bright evening of recreation, had gone into the movies and—achieved success.

Already she was a featured player, one of the screen's fortunate few, and the man who heard the news marvelled again.

"She had something, that girl," he murmured, "something which most girls haven't got. It was that which made her make that speech about life. . . . I wonder what it was.

"I wonder. . . . She has achieved success after a beginning which used to be called hopeless. She climbed up into the spotlight of movie fame out of the ruck of champagne parties. . . . She had something."

And then he tucked her away in a pigeonhole of his mind—for ready reference.

"I'm going to look her up when she comes to New York," the man promised himself.

For he was young, and rich and lonely. Something seemed to tell him that here was a girl who could understand. . . . who was lonely, too, perhaps. . . . who. . . .

But time passed, and the young man went abroad, to London, Paris and Rome. He visited the cities of the old world with the new one a memory, out of which, like a far, faint pillar of fire, like a plume of smoke, rose the recollection of a young girl with white and gleaming shoulders and a beautiful face.

Upon his return, he would look her up.

And then one morning he picked up a newspaper and read of a tragic accident. The girl had been on location, finishing the last scenes of the picture that was to make her a star. Her gown was a gauzy, inflammable affair. A lighted match—a puff of yellow flame and white smoke——

Before another newspaper appeared, the former chorus girl was dead.

"Life is just like that," she had said. "A flicker of flame, a red glow and a warmth, a drifting cloud of smoke and then—*ashes!*"

The man's heart was like ashes. too.

Life is like that.

The Confessions of a

New, vivid and startling is this intimate story of a toiler in the Hollywood studios, a toiler among the gilt and tinsel of costumes and the clean and soiled of lives. Read the story of Hazel, the innocent little extra girl, and then ask yourself — "Would I have done likewise?"

IT SEEMS strange for me, a woman who all her life has spent most of her time draping silken fabrics on women's figures, adjusting bows and bits of lace, to now be taking up my pen and actually writing for a magazine!

It never occurred to me that my inside, intimate glimpses of what goes on in a big motion picture studio might be of interest to other people. Then, one day, a New York writer who was visiting our big West Coast studio, urged me to write down some of the things which I have seen happen within those mysterious white walls where the pictures are made.

It has all become so much a part of my daily life that at first I did not see what interest it could have for outsiders. Then I happened to read of the vast army of young girls who are daily coming to Hollywood, many of them having tried to walk it from homes in far-away states. I got to thinking about this tremendous lure and fascination of the motion picture world; what is it about it that draws so many young girls and about their chances of making good after they once get here?

I thought of Hazel V———. I wonder where she is today! Somehow the world never hears of the thousands of "Hazels"—the little foolish moths who flutter crazily round the bright flame of the gigantic movie candle, then fall into oblivion with bruised pride, a flat pocketbook and a broken heart.

For the girl who makes good—her name written round the world in electric lights. But for the one whose name gleams so brightly, a thousand are written in tears.

I can see Hazel V——— as she was that first morning she came to the studio. Great, eager brown eyes with long, curved lashes, her hair hanging down her back in ringlets, for she had been given a small bit as a little country girl in a picture we were then making. She came to me for the final adjustments on her costume, for you must know that the chief duty of a wardrobe mistress is to see that every member of the cast is properly costumed before going on the set.

The first thing this naive little newcomer from Kansas began asking me about was De Saulles, the cameraman. He had been making eyes at her when she had appeared on the set to get her instructions from the director about the small part she was to play.

"Better not take him seriously, my dear," I said as I tied a big blue sash about her slim little waist. "He makes love to all the girls. Besides, he's married."

"Better not take him seriously, my dear," I said as I tied a big blue sash about her slim little waist.

"Well, he's not living with his wife," flashed Hazel. "She was just a common, ignorant sort of creature. I've heard all about it. Mr. De Saulles is a very smart, brainy man. He says," she added, self-consciously, "that he can make a star out of me."

I sat down and stared at her.

"You little fool," I said crossly, "where do you get such crazy ideas? A cameraman can't make a star out of you—though he can pretty soon break you if he happens to take a dislike to you. Only your own ability, plus the efforts of a good director, can really get you anywhere in this game."

She gave me a haughty look as she switched out of the room and flung back over her shoulder: "I am quite able to take care of myself, thank you!"

I said no more, but I shook my head. I pitied her. Youth, a certain measure of beauty, it is true, but ignorance, arrogance, an unwillingness to let older, wiser heads who know this movie game through and through, give advice. That is a fatal combination for a young girl facing for the first time the unsparing battery of the glaring lights and the critical glances on a studio lot.

A number of times I have been asked: "If I had a daughter, knowing what goes on in almost any motion picture studio, would I advise her to go into pictures—always provided, of course, that she can get the chance?" And I think my answer would be: "It would altogether depend on what kind of a girl she was." A motion picture studio is no place for a vain, silly, easily-influenced young girl. That is why I am going to tell you the story of Hazel, for it is typical of thousands of girls who come to Hollywood, get their chance and even then can't make good. They're just moviedom's little moths and I do not know of any page in the history of motion pictures more tragic. For, added to the story of defeat, the disappointment and lost illusions, is the bitter knowledge: "It might have been." It's one thing to have luck against you. It's another to realize you have had your chance and failed.

TAKE Hazel. At one time her future looked assured. She was actually given a chance to be leading lady for one of the most popular young male stars of the screen. She failed to take advantage of her opportunity. But I am getting ahead of my story.

In spite of her initial dislike of me because I had told her the truth about the sleek, unscrupulous De Saulles, Hazel and I became pretty good friends. She would gabble away like a magpie while I was fixing her costumes. During the intervals of fixing up torn ruffles, making a new hat or planning a change of costume, I learned a good deal of her former life. After all, she was a sweet little thing, nothing at all bad, just weak—weak and woefully ignorant of the ways of the world. She had been the winner in a beauty contest in her home town, Centerville, I believe, was the name of it. Her sweetheart, Jimmie, was a reporter on the local paper and I judge had a great deal to do with rounding up votes for Hazel and boosting her through the newspaper columns.

Anyway, when she had been declared winner, her friends immediately insisted she was wasting her time in Centerville. Nothing would do but she must come to Hollywood and get in the films. There had been a farewell dinner for her the night she left in the town hall, with flowers and candy and all sorts of presents. And then a fiercely

Movie Wardrobe Mistress

resentful and unwilling Jimmie had seen her off at the train. He was the only one, so far as I could gather, with a bit of sense in the little Kansas town.

Even her own people had fallen for the popular clamor and the glamor—clamor for fame for a home town girl; glamor thrown out by all the tinsel and false glitter of moviedom.

"Jimmie is a nice boy and all that," Hazel explained to me loftily. "He really does think a lot of me. But he'll never get anywhere sticking in that little town. As for me, I want more out of life than just peeling potatoes in his kitchen."

I DIDN'T say anything. I saw it would be no use. Hazel would have to learn life's lessons for herself. And she began learning it all too soon.

One day she came to me with her cheeks flushed and her big brown eyes sparkling. "Mr. Dexter kissed me this morning," she said happily. I dropped the red satin slipper I was mending.

"What!" I said unbelievingly. I had known Paul Dexter for a long time. He was one of the cleanest, finest directors in the business. For him to take advantage of the unsophistication of this nineteen-year-old girl was monstrous!

"Oh, yes," went on Hazel, "he kisses me just the same as he does Miss H———. (Miss H——— was the leading woman.) She's beginning to be jealous of me. Oh, I'll be a star yet. You'll see."

Well, the long and short of it was that this particular company with which Hazel was working, being a jolly, carefree lot and all congenial, had started the custom of exchanging kisses every morning before they started work. Miss H——— started it by kissing the director one morning, then the assistant director, then the cameraman, De Saulles. The other women of the company followed suit until it got to be a regular old-fashioned kissing bee every morning. Now, the leading woman was as nice a girl as you would want to meet. She was happily married to a cameraman connected with another studio. I never saw anything common or indiscreet about her—except that she had this little weakness for freely distributing her kisses. I don't think it meant any more to her than if she had merely shaken hands and said "Good morning." The kissing was just a part of the exaggerated, artificial life most picture people lead. The director was a splendid man, as gentle, even-tempered and altogether as worthy a gentleman as I have met in the films. The other members of the company were likable, jolly folks. They carried off the kissing episodes in a spirit of careless fun.

All except Hazel V———. She took it all seriously. Which proved at the start that she had no business in a motion picture studio. Flattery and caresses are the cheapest coin of the realm in movieland and I hope every girl who reads this and afterward gets into the movies, will remember this sentence which I now write. It will save her many a future heartache.

A kiss means no more than a carelessly spoken "Good morning" in movieland—this painted, tinseled atmosphere of make-believe. A wise girl takes these little attentions just for what they are worth, no more.

It made me angry and disgusted a few mornings after my conversation with Hazel, when I happened down on the set just at the time the usual morning kissing-bee was in progress. When it came Hazel's turn to kiss De Saulles, I saw the eager, happy look with which she lifted her face to him. And over her slim shoulder, after the too-long and ardent kiss was over, I saw his black eyes gleaming at me—triumphant, mocking.

You must not think that such practices as the morning kiss are the rule in all studios. They are not. Most companies are so busy keeping up with the schedule mapped out for them that they have not time for such pleasant foolery. It just happened that the company I referred to was a congenial, fun-loving lot. But it reveals a situation likely to bob up in almost any studio, a situation harmful to no one except a silly, vain little girl like Hazel. The seasoned campaigner takes a kiss for what it is worth. The guileless beginner over-estimates it.

It is no uncommon thing to be lunching in the studio restaurant when an exuberant woman star, just returned from some trip, will rush glowingly up to her favorite director, throw her arms around his neck in front of a hundred or more diners and implant a fervid kiss on his lips.

I SAW one famous woman star literally almost upset the beans in the madness of her welcome. The director at whom she aimed her caresses was placidly lunching on plebian pork and beans at the time she made a dive for him. The violence of her ribboned and perfumed onslaught nearly deposited the plate in his lap! She accompanied her embrace with a loud, "Oh, you darling!" After she let him go, the director wiped his mouth and went on eating, while the star seated herself at his elbow and began telling him of a new picture she wanted to do. The episode meant nothing to either of them, but can you picture an office or a store where (*Continued on page* 25)

"Look here, *Arthur!* What do you want to bother with that little country kid for?"

Sisters under their Make-up — in the MOVIES

A pair of queens back to back — the blonde and beautiful *Novak* sisters.

The *Chinese* influence in *Hollywood*: *Norma* and *Constance Talmadge* disguised as *chickens chow mein*.

Who do you suppose *Shirley* and *Viola* think they are? Well, they look like the *Valentinos*.

Lillian and *Dorothy Gish* as *"Orphans of the Storm"* shouldn't have any trouble finding rain-beaux.

The *Eaton* sisters, with *Mary* looking quite demure and *Doris* displaying her versatility.

A NEW SECRET about WOMEN

by Mary Alden

Well-known screen "*mother*" who was formerly a screen "*vampire*," declares that *methods* employed by each are practically the same—Another chapter in *Miss Hall's Hollywood* experiences

By Gladys Hall

"Motherhood," said *Miss Alden*, "is sex instinct just as surely as vamping is sex instinct."

NOW the above statement may well arouse your incredulity.

You may, probably have, exclaimed, "Has Hollywood driven them both mad? Mary Alden so that she does not know what she is talking about! Gladys Hall so she can't write correctly what she hears!" How can one compare, even slightly, the hand that rocks a cradle to the hand that wrecks a home?

But be patient . . . read on . . . you shall see . . . you shall see . . .

We have, we admit, a simple mind. Especially since we have been in Hollywood and have observed that all one drinks here is pink lemonade with a spicy dash of maraschino cherry, that the streets are deserted on Saturday nights, that husbands and wives, movie husbands and wives, we mean, appear in company together, or not at all, that "hen-parties" are the fashion and that from every dark alley, nook and cranny, ominous voices are heard intoning, "Keep—the—Ten—Commandments!" Of course, the last-mentioned is simply publicity for Cecil B. De Mille's forthcoming production of that unpopular book, but none the less it makes one recall one's misdemeanors with appropriate shudders.

But about Mary Alden and her astonishing statement:

Miss Alden came for us in her car the other day and drove us from Hollywood to the Crillon in Los Angeles, where we ate so much that we may have been befogged, but if we were not in a state of coma, then this is what she said:

In the first place, by way of digression, we talked as interviewer and star will, of pictures and things. Of the kind of pictures that *are* made, versus the kind of pictures that *should* be made. And Miss Alden said, apropos of the popular discussion anent sex on the screen, "But they do *not* show sex on the screen. They never show the elemental thing as it really is. What they do show is an artifice, a perversion of sex, a twisted, decadent thing.

"Years ago, after I did 'The Birth of a Nation,' I was a vampire. I showed sex as it really is in life, not in acting. Well, they tried to kill it in me. They used to show the 'rushes' in the projection room and the director and others would say, 'That's all very lovely in private, Mary, but not for pictures.'

"I found out that what they wanted me to show was not the truth of sex, which is not always dressed up in lace and De Mille sets, but they wanted *to dress up vice*. They wanted to twist and distort the elemental passions into perverse, misleading things and call it 'sex.'

"Take Menjou's role in 'A Woman of Paris,' for instance. A beautifully done thing on his part, but was it sex as sex should be? No. It was satiety. It was a sort of glorification of a perverse instinct. It was sex after all the throbbing beauty of life and value had been drained from it.

"But to get back to myself. I had, I still have, something elemental to give. A creative force. An urge. They wouldn't let me put it into the vampire roles as it should have been put into them. And so I have re-directed that primitive force into the mother roles I play exclusively today.

"They are the same thing—mothers and vampires.

"The same fundamental source produces them both.

"The Loreleis of men . . . they entice and allure at the instigation of the elemental urge.

"Motherhood . . . also the elemental urge.

"It is simply a matter of transposing the well-known cosmic urge from one type of sex instinct to another. For motherhood is sex instinct just as surely as vamping is sex instinct. A woman will do and be *one or the other of these two types*. They spring from the same basic sources, only their manifestations are different.

"THEY are doing to countless stars just what they did to me. And who knows but that the stars themselves may end by doing mother parts? In 'Passion,' Pola Negri was a primitive woman, tumultuous, unrestrained, as virile as Nature. Now, now . . . ah, well, when they stop dressing the beautiful, naked Truth in lace step-ins, they will have sex on the screen."

"Well," we countered, "what think you of the instinct reputed to exist in certain types of women that seek to destroy men just for the sheer, simple joy of destruction? Surely, you wouldn't say that motherhood was a destructive principle?"

Miss Alden replied quickly.

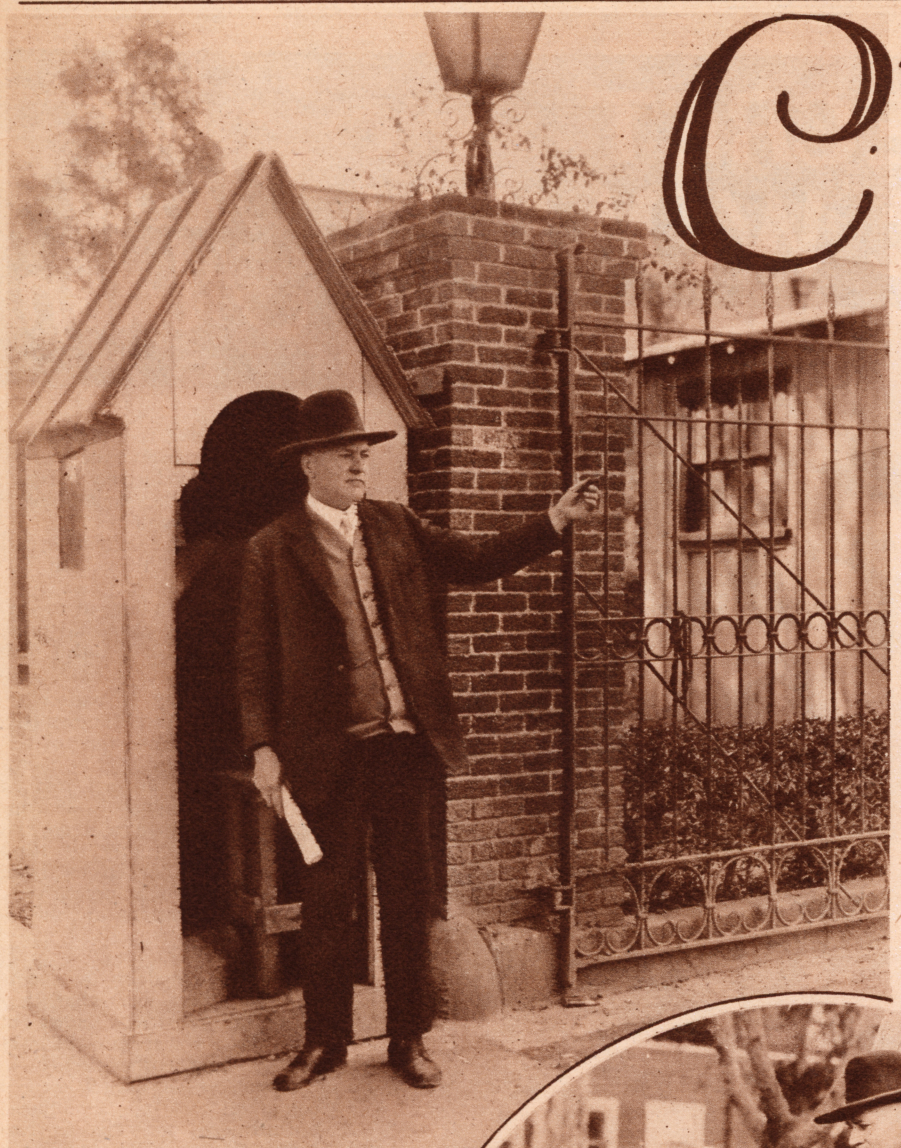
"No," she answered, "nor would I say that the so-called vamping instinct was destructive. It has been pictured on the screen as a vicious force, attempting to corrupt men, but I think this is purely fictional. I don't think that one woman in ten thousand does wrong for the sake of doing wrong. What she does is in response to natural instinct or an economic urge, and is no more the isolated instinct to do wrong than it is to do algebra."

"Well, we think we agree with you there," we offered.

"So motherhood and vamping," Miss Alden went on, "trace, in my opinion, to the same source—the sex instinct in woman, the whole purpose of which is to perpetuate the race. And when the producers will allow us a free hand in interpreting it as such, we will have a more actual representation of life on the screen, which is what most of us, who are trying to do good work, are really seeking."

Reality! That is what the screen needs and what the censors won't let it have—the censors and the producers. If movies were permitted to show vice as it really is, then vice would cease to be attractive. The whole trouble lies in dolling vice all up in silks and satins.

Miss Alden is right. Sex in lace step-ins!



Sam Brafford, who guards the portals of the *United Studios* in *Hollywood.*

Crashing the Studio Gate—in HOLLYWOOD

Recent visitors to *film mecca* show *great ingenuity* in gaining admittance to *restricted studios*—Some of the means employed

By Thomas Tarrington

IF YOU are a real, regular fan, and never have had the desire to adventure inside of a studio when they are making movies, you had better get the desire within the next few weeks, and act immediately, because film studios are rapidly becoming harder to enter than the pearly gates. There was a time when visitors were more or less freely admitted to witness the work of stars before the camera. But such is not the case today. Most of the studios have excluded visitors on the grounds that they interfere with production activities.

As a matter of fact, they have all put on extra doorkeepers, and not a few special policemen to bar people who have no legitimate business beyond the magic portals that lead to the land of celluloid make-believe. It is much more difficult at present to get permission behind the studio scenes than it was to obtain a passport to Germany during the World War.

Unless you employ some unusual method, there is little likelihood of your being able to crash by the studio gates these days. Two or three determined movie fans who have just returned from a short stay in Hollywood, confessed to me how they were able to fool several gatemen and special officers who were detailed to keep the curious out of studios.

The first day they applied for permission to roam through the ———— Studios, they were politely informed that it was impossible to break the new rule against admitting visitors. The three Hollywood sojourners felt their disappointment very keenly. One of them vowed she would get by the gate.

"How?" asked the other two in chorus.

"I DON'T know right at this minute, but give me a chance. I want to watch the people who do get in and see what their alibi is," she answered.

Her two companions left her standing around the entrance to the studio. They thought she was wasting her time. It was their intention to apply for admission at some other movie foundry.

The young lady noticed that the ones who were successful in passing through the doors were either well-known to the doorman, or they had cards which admitted them for work of some kind. She was just despairing of getting any dope which would help her when two girls came dashing up in a taxicab. They were in evening clothes, with beautiful wraps thrown about their shoulders.

Paying their fare, they rushed towards the doorman as if the whole picture world depended upon their arrival at the studio. At first the girl spectator believed they were some famous stars late for work.

"Oh, John," one of them cried to the doorman, "we were so late getting started this morning, we just got into our costumes and rushed away without our 'extra' cards. You know, we are working on Mr. ————'s picture, and we're late now," she wailed.

"Hurry up then," grumbled the doorman, letting them through.

An idea flashed through the girl's mind. Why couldn't she rush up to another studio the next day and tell the same story? The two girls had gotten by without showing any cards on account of their costumes. She figured she could do the same.

That afternoon she learned that a certain director was taking ballroom scenes over at the ———— studio, the next morning. That night, in company with her two companions, the maneuver was carefully rehearsed. They dashed up to the studio door in a cab, dressed in evening gowns, but wearing hats and coats. They pulled back their coats, displaying their costumes and the doorman let them in.

After this successful experiment in crashing studio doors, the three girls studied other possible means of entry. Inside of a week's time they originated and tried with success the following ways of outwitting studio doormen:

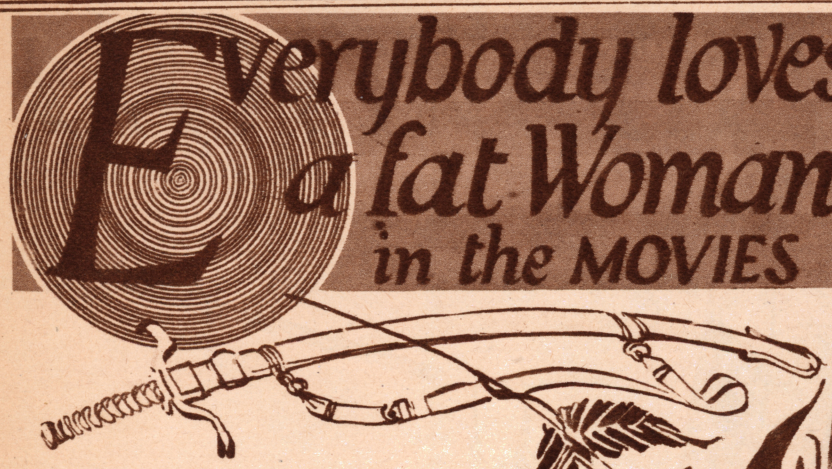
POSING as interviewers for magazines and newspapers, they stormed three different studios at the same time, saying that they had come on rush assignments to see a certain player about a story they were to write. The doormen put them in touch with the publicity department. They explained they were new reporters and writers, thus accounting for their strangeness to the publicity department, and in two out of three experiences the girls were even asked to remain for lunch and meet the stars they alleged being there to interview!

Probably the easiest means of entry that they discovered, and one which any tourist in Hollywood might work successfully, was executed at lunch time in one of the big studios. At this time the doormen who are on duty all morning are relieved by substitutes. The three girls, hatless, and assuming the

(Continued on page 31)

"Turning 'em back." *Sam,* or *Saint Peter,* as he is called, is a hard man for visitors to get past.

Everybody loves a fat Woman in the MOVIES



Statistics, recently compiled, show that _obesity_ has at last come into its own—_Screen_ pays big money for _rotund_ feminine charms

By Terese Rose Nagel

THE movies are beginning to mean more to the lady of flesh than dieting and massage. Promoters for obesity cures are trembling in their patent leather pumps for fear that women of pounds will no longer purchase their wares. The Sultan of the Turkish Bath is a living weeping willow. He utters a loud boo-hoo as he looks at his empty salon. Not a reclining cot is smashed by a quarter-ton bathing beauty, nor is there any overflow of water from high-tide pools. The 300-pound Queen of the boudoir is doing all her perspiring under the light of the Kleigs. And she's getting $10.00 a day for it.

But, say you, how can a perfect 48 find parts to play? How can she fit into stirring and dramatic love scenes? No, dear peruser of this periodical, our portly heroine isn't that kind of a girl. In all probability this Sheba of the Screen has never seen herself stirring from her comfortably padded limousine, and as for love scenes, the only one which she has experienced in recent years was the maternal affection lavished on her pet Pomeranian as she feebly attempted to feed little Toto at the ungodly hour of 11:30 a. m. The little lap-dog act was probably effected by Milady Fattyful, as she lay reclining on her genuine antique Louise the 59th chaise longue. The romantic surroundings included two prettily frilled French maids and a few other servants who were carelessly strolling around the master bedroom in which the mistress lay. Lady Fattyful's love scene was a serenade to Toto as he ate his morning dog biscuit.

But since the movies came to Manhattan to play and to stay, Milady Fattyful tells a different story.

It has been said that the day of matinee idols is over, but when Madame finds that she can kill two birds with one stone, and be near her favorite movie hero, while losing a pound a day, morning siestas and pug-nosed puppies are thrown to the three winds.

How does a perfect fifty-four get into the movies, you may well and wisely ask? It's as simple as eating mince pie on Thanksgiving Day. One of the largest studios in New York, which is doing considerable casting at the present time, is the Cosmopolitan. During the past few months, at their studios at 127th St. and Second Ave., they have engaged thousands of extras for a number of very large productions.

Any sunshiny Fall morning you can see a quantity of costly limousines roll up. The occupants, richly furred and fashionably dressed, must file in line to the casting director's office. Mrs. Millionaire doesn't get first place because she wears her genuine sable. Nor do her ample two hundred pounds help her to force her way into the director's office. In fact, a ham fatter who played with Booth when mother was a girl, gets a quicker hearing than does Milady Fattyful.

***Nellie Lane*, one of the screen's fat and famous, in a scene from *"Circus Days,"* with *Jackie Coogan*.**

She bides her time, eyeing the common peepul with her diamond studded lorgnette. Our queen of the boudoir, however, finds out before long that even though friend husband has made a cool six million through a little flier in wheat, she is as dirt beneath a casting director's feet. He tells her to keep in line and not to shove, just as though she were Mrs. Maggie Brown collecting trading stamps at a downtown department store in a bargain day rush.

Mathilde Camout*, who was chosen by *Douglas Fairbanks* to play a rotund *Turk* in *"The Thief of Bagdad."

Finally, her turn comes. She is about to read off to the director the history of the family tree which she purchased from a broken-down count of no account. With a wave of the hand, the master of the films gives her what the boys call the "once-over." "Be here at the studio tomorrow morning at 7:30 a. m.," he says with a serious smile and hands her a little blue card.

AS SHE wends her way out of the studio, the happiest moment of her forty-five years just realized, she takes a peep at the little pasteboard which is about to admit her into the realm of romance. Here is what she reads: "You are to report to the studio at 7:30 tomorrow morning to take part in our production of 'When Queens Grew Cabbages,' in the part of a peasant woman."

This is Milady Fattyful's first blow. The next shock comes on the following morning when, after firing her French maid for not calling her at five o'clock, she reaches the studio at 7:30 a. m. to find out that the picture has been called off because of cloudy weather. (*Continued on page* 31)

Will HOLLYWOOD

A glimpse of *Hollywood* that looks for all the world like *Pumpkin Center.*

Warner Brothers Studio, where *Lenore Ulric* recently made *"Tiger Rose."*

HOLLYWOOD!

There is glamorous magic in the very sound—silver magic that conjures up sun-laved pavements in that country just east of the broad Pacific, over which pass caravans of make-believe—picturesque processions of those whose names are etched in star-dust across screenland's horizon—and, stretching vistas of glass-roofed studios.

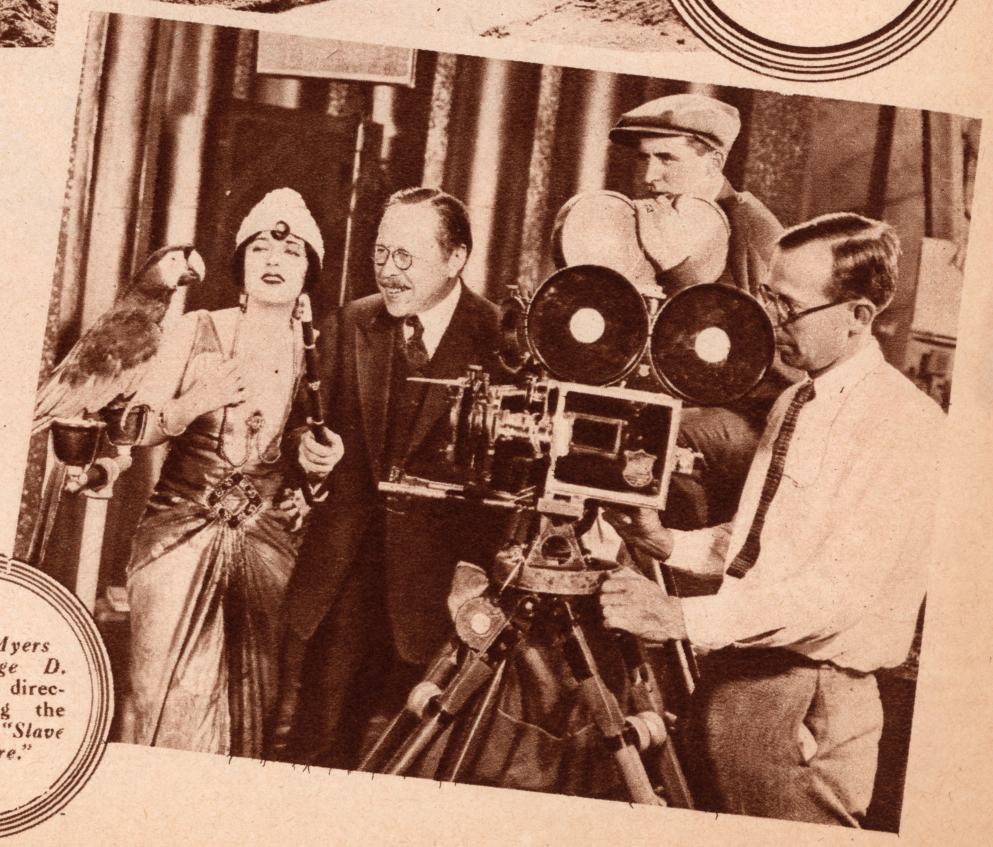
To all the world, Hollywood is synonymous with the "movies" . . . with the flare and glare of the Kleig lights . . . the clicking of grinding cameras. When we hear it mentioned, we instinctively think of such people as Charlie Chaplin, Pola Negri, Gloria Swanson, Doug and Mary, Jackie Coogan, Cecil De Mille, Rex Ingram, Valentino and Norma Talmadge, because they are foremost in the ranks of those who turned the little suburban village of California into the world capitol of filmdom.

So constantly have we heard the praises of Hollywood sung by picture producers and stars alike, that long ago all of fandom convinced itself that Hollywood would some day be known as "the eternal city of the films." For years the little town has gradually become the Mecca for all of movieland. Even now it seems sacrilege to hint that in a short time Hollywood may lose its silver magic, and be forced to shamble back into the shadows of small town obscurity, a village of deserted streets, nursing its vain memories of departed power and splendor like a lone Arab bemoaning his pillaged and abandoned desert camp.

And yet, there is grave reason to believe that the famous picture center is destined soon to lose its sensational prestige as the citadel of screenland. At the present moment no less than three of the largest and most important film companies in America are seriously contemplating the movement of their production plants from Hollywood to another California town. For business reasons of their own, the executives of these organizations have requested me not to mention their names in connection with the plans which will, if executed, take away about ten producing units from the Los Angeles suburb.

It is stated on good authority that the movement of these companies will constitute a pioneering gesture, and that eventually the great majority of producers will forsake Hollywood and set up their cameras elsewhere. There are two sound business reasons given as responsible for the future abandonment of Hollywood. They are:

The scarcity of real estate, and the alleged high cost of whatever property remains on the market. Also, the present crowded condition of things has made it very inconvenient at times for producers to obtain the best results.



Carmel Myers and *George D. Baker,* her director, during the filming of *"Slave of Desire."*

Soon Be "TO LET"?

Rumor is current that *west coast film* mecca is to move its studios elsewhere—*High rents and property values* said to be chief motive for departure

By T. Howard Kelly

A cabaret scene from "*You Can't Fool Your Wife*," the sort of thing common to *Hollywood* studios.

It does not seem likely, in view of the statements which have been given to me, that individual movie producers like Chaplin and Fairbanks, or Harold Lloyd, will be concerned in the expected exodus from the present capitol of filmdom. As these producing stars only make one or two pictures a year in their own plants, they do not feel the pressure of dwindling space, or the soaring costs of real estate. The companies which will fold up their tents and steal away are the big ones that keep many units working on pictures at once.

THESE organizations have been enlarging their studios recently in order to keep up with their increased production schedules. In looking around for more space, it is said they have found it practically impossible to secure what they want. Rather than divide their producing forces into two separate organizations, they favor moving the entire business to a spot where all production can be consolidated.

This news may sound a trifle paradoxical in view of the present shut-down of the Famous Players-Lasky Studios as a means of curtailing production to launch a campaign against the rapidly mounting costs of making movies. But it must be remembered that even if the Famous studios are closed temporarily, and the studios of one or two other companies along with them, no relief to congested conditions has been afforded, because these studios will soon be reopened, and in the meantime they are not available for the use of other companies in need of stage room.

Reginald Barker, the director, is seen here explaining a scene from "*The Eternal Struggle*" to *Pat O'Malley* and *Renee Adoree*.

Culver City, already a center of motion picture activity, seems to be the universal choice of those producers who are considering the advisability of leaving Hollywood. More aloof, as it is, from a populous section, Culver City has a vast acreage in and about its environs which offer ideal movie studio locations. The same excellent atmospheric conditions obtain there as do in Hollywood, and pictures could be made on the same basis of production as they are at present made in the Los Angeles suburb.

Somehow, I am of the opinion, and I believe most of Movie Weekly's readers will readily agree with me, that the name Hollywood can never lose quite all of its stirring significance for those who follow the fortunes of the silver screen. If every studio in the town were deserted overnight, and the next day directors were wielding their megaphones on sets and locations in and around Culver City, Hollywood, I think, would still remain in our thoughts as suggestive of all that is romantic and fairyland-like about the motion picture industry. It is a name that seems to fit its purpose so adequately!

CULVER CITY may actually become the new Mecca of the films, but it does not suggest for me what "Hollywood" does. And I do not think that time and association can ever lend to the word Culver City, that pulse-quickening quality which belongs to Hollywood.

During its swift march to a high place in the ranks of famous towns, Hollywood has heard a bedlam of voices, blending cheers and denunciation along the route of march. (*Continued on page 29*)

ALICE TERRY
who is appearing in
"Scaramouche"

"It's the Women who are to Blame!" SAYS Richard DIX

Popular young leading man declares fawning adulation of pretty girls is what turns so many actors' heads

By Dana Rivers

"It isn't the girls we play with in pictures who offer us temptation," said . *Mr Dix*, "it's the girls on the outside."

TODAY I lunched with Richard Dix, who is, by the way, one of the *very* most popular men in all of Hollywood. Everyone has a good word to say for Richard Dix. He lives in a charming home with his mother and his sister . . . he is frequently reported as engaged to some of the fair movie maids, Lois Wilson being the last and most persistent whisper . . . but no breath of scandal has ever been attached to him. It is said that he never so much as goes out of nights and one well-known movie man said to me with a sad wag of a knowing head, "I don't know *how* a man can live in Hollywood as long as Dix has and still be as he is . . ." Which seems to us to be recommendation A-1.

Also, he likes everyone and everything. It is like drawing a tooth from a rhinoceros to get Richard to say a word "agin" a living soul. If, while in Hollywood, one is looking for malicious gossip, the person NOT to go to is Richard Dix.

We got him onto the subject of girls. Covertly, we were hoping that he would admit his engagement to Lois so that we might have a scoop to send East, but the scoop we got was in the nature of much enthusiasm from him concerning Betty Compson, with whom he is now playing in "The Stranger," a Galsworthy story.

"Betty," he said, "is the only girl I have ever played with who doesn't display temperament. That's why I like her so much. She's a splendid trooper and a wonderful good fellow. She's a human being and doesn't try to hide it. I'm for Betty all the time!"

Now, that, probably, constitutes a Hollywood rumor and the next intelligence we get will probably be to the general effect that Richard Dix and Betty are engaged. Hollywood seems set on the mission of marrying Richard off.

But you are wondering what all these praises have to do with the title of this story. It's like this:

We were talking about Wally Reid. Richard Dix was a great friend of Wally's, and also an extravagant admirer of his. He says that Wally lived in one way, true enough, but that he died a hero. And also, and by way of a slight digression, we have found that Hollywood sentiment is strongly and altogether FOR Mrs. Wally Reid. They think she is an outstanding example of loyalty and courage and strength, and they also commend her rather than condemn her for having made "Human Wreckage." "She was left," Richard said, "without enough money to meet her income tax, and, after all, she has two little children to support. Besides that, she has made Wally more popular in death than he was in life and that is a great deal to have accomplished."

It was this talk of Wally, of Cecil B. De Mille and others that led us to the fact of leading men in movies having a difficult time keeping their heads erect and their feet on the ground.

"You have no idea," said Richard, "how difficult girls and women out here make it for men who are in the movies, especially if they are at all prominent. Sycophants and fawners, flatterers and adulators, it would be the easiest thing in this world or any other for a movie man to go to the devil in twenty-four hours.

"Girls come to the studios, meet us in the street, ogle us, take hold of our hands with lingering and meaning finger tips, say things to us that are unrepeatable and in every way signify that nothing is too much for them to do for us if we but say the word.

"You have to keep on remembering that it's only flattery and fawning. You have to keep on remembering the cases like poor Wally's in order to keep, also, your perspective clear. Wally was a prince before these hangers-on got hold of him and proved, almost up to the end, too much for him. Wally and Dorothy were terribly happy and content for awhile, and it was the memory of the old Wally, the old days, that made Dorothy still love him, when, God knows, there was pitifully little enough left to love.

"I stick pretty much to men and to my own home. Only a few years ago my mother and sister and I were living in New York in a tiny apartment for which we paid eleven dollars a month. I was making twenty-five a week and it was pretty hard sledding. Now I can scarcely believe things are as they are, and my chief aim at the present is to help my mother and sister forget those eleven dollar a month days."

A thoroughly nice boy, Richard Dix. And it isn't so often that men *want* to be nice as much as he does. Come on, girls, leave Richard alone!

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CONSTANCE madcap in "A

In the grip of her enemies, *Constance Talmadge* shows haughty disdain in *"A Dangerous Maid."*

go in for the heavy stuff. Even in "The Dangerous Maid" she is making light of the present vogue for costume pictures. Or perhaps she just decided to make a costume film as long as everybody else was doing it. If that is the case, we are glad she got it off her chest. For we don't mind telling you that, while "The Dangerous Maid" is fairly good entertainment, we do not like Constance as a Seventeenth Century heroine. She is too typically modern and vivacious.

Conway Tearle is the handsome hero of the film, and his good looks are entirely obliterated by the most awful wig we have ever seen in the movies. It is positively unkempt-looking. Marjorie Daw is charming in a small role and Tully Marshall contributes a neat bit of character work.

There is not much else to say for the picture. All in all, it is good entertainment, with Constance on the screen constantly. Which will surely please her many admirers.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Star revels in costume picture of *17th Century*—"*In the Palace of the King*," "*Slave of Desire*" and "*Our Hospitality*," among other pictures of the week

Reviewed by Mary Jane Warren

"THE DANGEROUS MAID"

The Story of a Madcap Rebel

Presented at the Rivoli Theatre, New York with a large cast headed by Constance Talmadge, Conway Tearle, Morgan Wallace, Charles Gerard, Marjorie Daw, Otto Matiesen, Tully Marshall and Lou Morrison. A First National Picture.

We had been told that Constance Talmadge was going in for drama and that "The Dangerous Maid" was the first step in the dramatic direction. If Constance really started out to be dramatic in this film, she certainly forgot her intention the very second the camera started grinding. She has a jolly time through it all and even that very stern and serious gentleman by the name of Conway Tearle unbends after the first few reels and seems to be having a generous portion of fun himself.

We never could take Connie seriously and we think it would be a dreadful mistake for her to

"IN THE PALACE OF THE KING"

A Costume Play of Beauty and Interest

Presented at the Capitol Theatre, New York, with a large cast headed by Blanche Sweet, Edmund Lowe, Hobart Bosworth, Pauline Starke, Sam de Grasse, William V. Mong and Aileen Pringle. A Goldwyn-Cosmopolitan picture. Directed by Emmett J. Flynn.

We sat down to view "In the Palace of the King" with many misgivings. We knew it was another play of the old days with all the trappings necessary to a picture of this type. And we expected to be bored.

On the contrary, we were keenly interested before we knew it and about halfway through the picture we decided it was one of the most entertaining

Blanche Sweet makes a queenly queen in *"In the Palace of the King."* And it's a good picture, too.

TALMADGE is a fiery young "Dangerous Maid"

costume films we had seen. In the first place, it is extremely beautiful. The costumes are charming. Blanche Sweet and Pauline Starke look, at times, as though they had stepped out of an old painting. Edmund Lowe is an extremely handsome knight and he swaggers across the silver sheet in a most romantic manner.

"In the Palace of the King" is a pretty love story. It tells of the loves, the hates and jealousies that exist among those who dwell in the palace. For a refreshing change, there are few mob scenes and just one or two long shots. The players are not submerged amid heavy surroundings. The director saw to it that the characters were made to stand out with the sets just forming a beautiful background. Which is good.

You probably have concluded ere this that we enjoyed "In the Palace of the King." There is just one episode that seemed a bit ridiculous. Edmund Lowe, as Don John, falls in a duel with his brother and they believe him dead. Later he suddenly comes to life and walks about with perfect ease. He was so unconscious (or supposed to be) that we think he should have at least tottered a bit.

Blanche Sweet is capable and beautiful in the role of Dolores Mendoza. Pauline Starke is excellently cast as her blind sister, and Edmund Lowe and Sam de Grasse are both splendid.

If the epidemic of costume plays continues it is hoped there will be more like this.

"Our Hospitality" shows the *Keatons, Buster* and wife *Natalie,* at their very best.

Pulling the rough stuff is about the best thing *George Walsh* does in *"Slave of Desire"* with *Carmel Myers.*

"SLAVE OF DESIRE"

A Bold, Bad Vampire Vamps the Poor Poet

Presented at the Capitol Theatre, New York, with a cast headed by George Walsh, Carmel Myers and Bessie Love. A Goldwyn-Cosmopolitan picture.

This "Slave of Desire" was adapted to the screen from Balzac's story, "The Magic Skin." It is a dreadfully long, at times very boresome film. And somehow you get the impression that it is cheap and trite.

The hero is a poet and, as is usual with screen poets, he is poorer than the proverbial church mouse. George Walsh plays the hungry poet and we rather suspect that George had his hair marcelled for the occasion. He is wickedly vamped by Carmel Myers, while his landlady's daughter (Bessie Love) weeps her heart out for him.

Miss Myers had better not stick to vamp roles if she intends to stick to the screen. She vamps so earnestly and so obviously that she almost burlesqued the role.

Bessie Love, as usual, carried away the acting honors of the film. Hers is the role of the forgiving soul. She willingly takes the hero to her heart after he had committed many indiscretions and after he had become so sick and tired of being vamped, that he curses Carmel, the luring one, so thoroughly, with the aid of his magic skin, that her fatal charms disappear. We felt like shouting "Bravo" at that. She deserved nothing better.

(*Continued on page* 29)

EDMUND LOWE
who is appearing in
"In the Palace of the King"

Who is the Girl on the Cover?

Meet *Miss Lois Wilson*, one of moviedom's loveliest and most charming women, and learn how she climbed the steep road of *fame*

By Alma M. Talley

IT IS only occasionally that a beauty contest winner ever achieves fame in the movies. Somehow, if a girl is beautiful enough to win a beauty contest, she seems not to have any of the other qualities necessary for screen success. Both brains and beauty are too much to expect of ordinary mortals.

But Lois Wilson isn't an ordinary mortal. And so, when she represented Alabama in Universal's beauty contest and won it, she didn't "flivver" in her initial role, as contest winners have a way of doing. She kept right on going to success!

Lois, to begin at the beginning, was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, so she is only a Southerner by adoption. For, when she was just a tiny girl, her family moved to Birmingham, Alabama, where Lois grew up and went to school.

Strangely enough, she hadn't the slightest idea of becoming a picture star, the ambition of most girls. Instead, she selected the prosaic role of school teacher as her career, and with this in view she attended the Alabama Normal School at Livingston, Alabama. After graduation, she promptly got a job teaching in a rural school.

But her teaching, in preparation for which she had studied for years, lasted exactly three weeks! Then she won the beauty contest conducted by Universal at that time, and this honor took her to Chicago, where she was given a small part in "The Dumb Girl of Portici," which Lois Weber was then making with Pavlowa.

Lovely *Lois Wilson*, who is called "the most popular girl in *Hollywood*."

In and as *"Miss Lulu Bett," Lois Wilson* did some of the best work of her screen career.

***Miss Wilson* in a scene from *"The Covered Wagon,"* the season's screen masterpiece.**

And that first role was a milestone in the life of Lois Wilson! It was the turning point in her career which sidetracked the school-teacher onto the motion picture lot. For Miss Weber was so pleased with the personality of the little newcomer, and so confident of her ability, that she took Lois to Los Angeles with her—and the screen career was on in earnest.

For, in the picture colony, one role followed another with rapid succession, each role bringing Lois nearer to the top of the ladder of fame. She played in Paralta Pictures—"A Man's Man," "Turn of a Card," "His Robe of Honor," each picture bringing her greater and greater laurels, till she became leading woman for J. Warren Kerrigan, then at the height of his career as one of the most popular of the young matinee idols.

"One Dollar Bid" was one of the best known of the pictures in which the Kerrigan-Wilson combination played the leads. After playing opposite Kerrigan in numerous pictures, Lois joined Frank Keenan's company, playing leads opposite this famous actor, and then she became connected with the Paramount company, for whom she has been a leading woman ever since.

LOIS has played opposite as many well-known stars as any leading woman, probably, in the industry. She appeared with Bryant Washburn in "Love Insurance," "Why Smith Left Home," "It Pays to Advertise," "Too Much Johnson," and "A Full House," among other pictures. She was one of the famous all-star cast in Cecil De Mille's big success, "Midsummer Madness," and she played with Thomas Meighan in his "City of Silent Men."

But probably Lois Wilson's biggest success came several years ago, when she played the title role of "Miss Lulu Bett," Zona Gale's famous novel, which swept the country with its popularity. It speaks well for Miss Wilson's sincerity in her work that she should have undertaken such a role, as it required her to put aside all thoughts of beauty and appear as a (*Continued on page* 31)

The Girl who was never safe

In a world of men—men who were attracted to her by the beauty of her divine form alone, Grace Harper at last found a man who was different than all the others she had known. Learn how love came to her in this fascinating story

By John R. Coryell

BEAUTIFUL, athletic Grace Harper is kidnapped and made a prisoner in an abandoned house by Don Morton, who is madly infatuated with her. She escapes, and Morton, in a fit of anger, permits a story to go about town which blackens Grace's reputation. In the meantime, Grace has entered a beauty contest in the hope that she will win the thousand dollar prize and pay off the mortgage on her father's home. The people in her town think she is going away because of her alleged affair with Morton. She succeeds in clearing her name and exposing Morton before she leaves for San Francisco, where the preliminary contest is to take place. As she steps off the train at San Francisco, she is again captured by one of Morton's men and brought to an old shack. For the second time she escapes from him.

At the preliminary contest she is selected as the most beautiful girl and she goes to New York to represent California in the final judging. She wins the prize and is crowned "Queen of Beauty." She sends the money home to her father and secures a position as a model in a fashionable shop. As she is turning around, displaying a cloak to a woman customer, she finds herself again face to face with Don Morton. To avoid a scene, he flees.

But another, more disastrous, episode occurs, which loses her her job. Mabel March, a wealthy customer, comes to the shop with her fiancee, Charlie Denver, the most charming man Grace has met. Mr. Denver so frankly admires Grace's beauty that his fiancee, in a fit of jealousy, demands that Grace be fired. So again she finds herself without a job.

Upon reaching home, however, she finds several letters awaiting her from theatrical producers offering her engagements posing. She takes a walk in the park to consider the propositions and encounters Charlie Denver.

"Do you mind," **he asked softly, "if I tell you that you are marvelously beautiful?"**

IT SEEMED to Grace a very happy chance that had brought her face to face with Charlie Denver at that moment, of all others. Now she could have his advice without taking any unusual steps to obtain it.

"You are the very person I wanted to see," she said, in her frank and hearty way.

He laughed gaily, and Grace took note that he had a most engaging laugh. In fact, it struck her again that he was the handsomest fellow she had ever seen. And whatever he did or said seemed filled with a quality of appropriateness, as if he were the very person of all others to fit the situation. "Well!" he answered, "I think I may truthfully echo that sentiment. I cannot say that I was expecting to see you but I certainly was thinking of you, so that the sight of you so suddenly gave me a momentary feeling of having conjured up a ghost. You are not a spirit?"

"No, good flesh and blood," she laughed. The little confusion she had felt at first was vanishing under the influence of his genial manner.

"And you really were wishing to see me?"

"I wished so much that I almost wrote to you. I wanted to talk over a matter that you may be able to help me with. You see I have no one in all this big city that I can call a friend. Perhaps I presume in classing you as such."

"I hope you do not really think so," he exclaimed, with a great deal of feeling. "I would be very happy indeed if I might class myself among your friends."

"Have you time for a long walk?" she asked, abruptly.

"As long as you like. I haven't had half enough yet."

He turned and walked by her side for some distance before either of them spoke. It was she who broke the silence.

"I suppose most girls would be afraid to make friends with a strange man as I am doing."

"Most girls are fools."

"Oh, no!" she protested. "They are brought up that way. You see I know I can take care of myself. Besides, it doesn't seem as if you really were a stranger. Meeting you the way I did, both times, seems to have made a great difference. Anyhow, I feel as if I had known you a long time."

"Yes," he answered, in a low tone, "it seems long to me, but I think that is because I have thought of you so much."

"Why should you have done that?" she asked, with a frankness that was disconcerting. The compliment that lay hidden in his words quite escaped her.

"Because you are so different from other girls, I suppose," he answered. "Of course, I was struck, at first, by your personal appearance——"

"It's strange," she said, naively, "how I am beautiful to some and not so to others. It was only by accident that I discovered that I was beautiful."

Charlie Denver opened his eyes wide at this, but a glance at her serious, honest face told him that she was speaking sincerely.

"Well," he said, "however you found it out, it is true. You are the most beautiful woman I ever saw."

"It was your beauty that made Mabel so angry."

"Why should it?"

He lifted his eyebrows. Certainly she was the strangest girl he had ever met; so simple in all worldly matters, yet so absolutely self-reliant.

"Girls like Mabel," he answered, "don't like others to be more beautiful than themselves."

"But I'm not," said Grace simply. "Of course, I have a more beautiful body, but she would not

be likely to know that unless she saw it at the show."

He stared in surprise. "What do you mean? What show?"

"The Madison Square Garden show; I competed for the beauty prize."

He stopped and turned her so that he could look into her face, and as he looked she saw recollection growing, until he cried out:

"That is it! I thought the first time I saw you at the department store that I had seen you before, but I supposed I must be mistaken. But that was it. I remember you now."

"I wondered if you had seen me there."

"Yes, I saw you, and admired you so that I would have done anything to know you."

"I'm glad you didn't try," she said, soberly, "for I should have classed you with those fops and idiots who hadn't sense enough to realize that a girl might pose in that way and yet be too self-respecting to make acquaintances on the strength of it."

Charlie Denver bit his lip and resumed the walk he had interrupted. He was careful not to tell Grace that he had been among those she classed as fops and idiots.

"How did you come to pose there?" he asked.

"I'll tell you, so that you will understand better what I want your advice about. I come from California, where father has a ranch. Well, there's a mortgage on the ranch, and I wanted to pay it off. One day somebody told me I was beautiful. I was mad enough at first, but when I saw the offer of a thousand-dollar prize I asked folks who knew about such things, and they said I really was."

"And you had never suspected it before?" he demanded.

"Never dreamed of such a thing."

"You certainly are different from any other girl I ever met,'" he said.

"Oh, I was brought up like a boy, you see."

"I'll advocate that sort of bringing up after this," he said, fervently.

Again the compliment hidden in his words escaped Grace, and she said, with the utmost simplicity:

"I'm sure girls wouldn't be so silly and dependent if they were brought up less like dolls. And they prevent her taking rational exercise, too. Why, I can run and swim, and—but this isn't telling you about the problem."

"I am very much interested. Did you come here right from your father's ranch?"

"By way of San Francisco. There was a sort of contest there to decide who should come East."

"And you turned down all the mashers at the Garden?'"

"The what?"

"The mashers; the men who wanted to know you and make love to you."

"Why, of course, I wouldn't have anything to do with men of that sort."

"So that you actually know nobody at all in the city now?"

"Not a soul. Oh, well, I do know one man, in a sort of way, but I don't count him. He is an unworthy wretch, with no respect for purity or decency."

"SOMEONE who has insulted you? And it is about this that you wish to consult me?"

"Not in the least, I can take care of myself so far as he is concerned, as he knows very well. Indeed, you should have seen him bolt from that department store where you saw me once. He came in to select a coat for a young lady, and saw me. He didn't stop for any explanation, but ran. He has laid two or three traps for me, but I fancy he won't bother me any more.'

"May I not know his name?"

"I don't mind telling you. Don Morton."

"Don Morton! I have met him. I remember now that he is from California. Has he seriously annoyed you?"

"Yes, but I am not afraid of him or what he can do. What I need most is advice just now about another matter entirely. You see, I became rather famous by posing in the Garden."

"I know you were the rage for a while, until you disappeared so suddenly."

"That is what the theatrical managers thought."

"The theatrical managers! What theatrical managers?"

"Oh, two or three who want me to make contracts with them to pose on the stage just as I did in the Garden.

"And you are going to do it?" he asked, quickly.

"I suppose so; but I want you to tell me, if you can, which one to go with. You see, I don't know these people, and I am sure some of them are better than others."

"Take my advice and have nothing to do with them, Miss Harper. They won't pay you enough to make it worth your while, and——"

"Oh, they will pay pretty well. Anyhow, they say they will, and are willing to make a contract."

"For how much?"

"Two hundred and fifty dollars a week and expenses."

Charlie Denver started in surprise, and perhaps in dismay, too. He had had an idea that they would offer Grace twenty-five dollars a week.

"Two hundred and fifty dollars a week!" he repeated. "You are sure?"

"I have their letters, and this morning I went around to see them. Oh, they will give it to me; all I have to do is to decide which one I will take up with. And that is where you may be able to help me."

"Let me see the letters."

She gave him the letters, and explained briefly what her interviews had been. He read the letters slowly and carefully. Finally he broke out:

"Do you want me to advise you as if you were my sister?"

"You might be too careful with your sister," she replied. "Don't forget that I am able to take good care of myself."

"No girl can take good enough care of herself under the conditions of such posing as is suggested to you, to maintain her reputation."

"You mean the managers are not respectable? I see their names in the newspapers as if they were."

"Oh, yes, the managers are respectable enough, but, you see, you will be thrown with all sorts of people, and even if you never swerve a hair breadth from the correct line of conduct, yet you will be talked about, and nobody will believe you innocent. That is one of the penalties the woman on the stage has to pay."

"But I need the money, and if other women can endure it, and outlive it, why cannot I?"

"PERHAPS you can. But will you like to have your name in all the papers, with all sorts of rumors attached to it? Suppose your father and mother were to come across some of the stories; how would they feel?"

"I can tell them I am innocent."

"And the papers will keep telling them another story; and you know you can't be forever proving yourself innocent. Oh, I wouldn't risk it, Miss Harper!"

"Then your advice to me is to starve? Because that is what it amounts to. I have tried to obtain employment of any other sort, and have been unable to do so. Then this offer comes along and lifts me out of despair and puts it in my power to complete the paying off of the mortgage. If I turn my back on this, what shall I do? I am afraid, Mr. Denver, that you have not considered everything."

"I haven't considered anything but the important matter of your good name, and I tell you, Miss Harper—may I call you Grace? We seem such old friends that the formality is unpleasant."

Grace flushed with pleasure, for the request quite coincided with her own feeling. "Certainly you may call me Grace." (*Continued on page 24*)

"*Grace*, dear," he said, holding her close to him, "suppose we buy a *ranch nearby* and settle down on it?"

The Mail Man

Hurled helpless into the black waters of the Pacific by a desperate criminal, Johnnie Morley had still a fighting chance left. Did he beat the powers of evil that were besetting him or——? Read this arresting fictionization of the Film Booking Office's screen version of Emilie Johnson's original story

By Charles Warnerby

"GOOD-BYE, my boy," the Chief said as he shook Johnnie's hand and saw him pass out of the rear entrance with a suitcase full of bonds. Johnnie hailed a passing taxicab and an instant later had clambered in and sunk back with relief upon its cushions. His feeling that he had outwitted the figure that followed him gave rise to a sense of security. He thought of the family at home and of his father whom he had so recently left after they both had gone through their ordeal the night before in the post-office with the bank thief. The explosion which had followed the thief's entrance and the attack upon Johnnie had shaken the nerves of both father and son who were veterans in the post-office. Now, however, as a reward of their bravery on the night before, Johnnie was on his way to Honolulu with a suitcase full of government bonds.

The knowledge that the bank thief had been Morgan, the man who lived next door, had proved a source of great dismay to Johnnie, who liked Morgan's little daughter, Virginia, and it was this that had prompted Bob Morley, the father, to destroy the evidence that the imprint of the rubber heel had offered against their next door neighbor.

On his way to the dock now, where the *Enterprise*, that would bear him to Honolulu, lay moored, Johnnie was only conscious of a great feeling of exaltation. He had been rewarded for his heroism on the night before by being given this trust of carrying bonds to Honolulu.

Unknowing was he that a figure haunted the taxicab on its way to the waterfront.

It had been Morgan's scheme, inspired and abetted by Captain Kranz of the rum runner *Shark* to intercept Johnnie as he left the cab and deliver a crushing blow on his head, making off with the bonds. The presence of a ship's officer on the dock frustrated Morgan's attack and Johnnie was let to go his way in peace, going aboard the vessel while the bank thief applied for a berth among the ship's crew. Once at sea, it was the plan of Morgan and Kranz to have the former attack Johnnie, toss the suitcase with a flare attached, overboard, which the *Shark*, following at a distance, would pick up in course of due time. Now all that Morgan waited for was Johnnie to appear on deck with the suitcase full of government bonds. His patience was rewarded some time later when the custodian of the bonds made his appearance in the darkness. Morgan made a rush for him, struck him on the head and then turned to fire a shot at an approaching sailor. Johnnie, still dazed, felt himself lifted over the side of the vessel and hurled into the ocean.

Somewhere out over the vast *Pacific* *Johnnie's* radio call for help was heard.

Down into the waters below the ship's rail hurtled the form of Johnnie Morley and the next instant he had plunged beneath the surface and was shooting down, down, down into a roaring ocean of darkness. Dazed, suffocated and strangling, Johnnie found that the shock of the cold water had partially revived him, and the strangling sensations made his efforts to regain the surface more strenuous than any of which he had been capable since receiving Morgan's heavy blow on the head.

Fighting feebly but desperately, Johnnie felt his descent gradually arrested until he began to rise again to the top. In his consciousness there persisted the thought that, come what may, he must hold his breath if he wished to continue to live. Upon holding his breath and keeping his feet and arms moving, he therefore concentrated all of his faculties, while meanwhile he shot upward toward the surface.

At last he felt the cool air on his face and he knew he was on the top of the water. A few feet away, a black bulk was passing and dimly he sensed that it was the departing *Enterprise*. He tried to cry out, but his strength failed him. Only was he able to keep afloat in the sea that laved the sides of the *Enterprise*, and that inundated him in another moment by the swell at the stern.

One thing more was Johnnie conscious of and glad, as the vessel passed him and bore on its way toward Honolulu. This was the fortunate circumstance of his not having come up under the boat and then been carried along its keel to the screw, where the giant propeller blades would have beaten him lifeless in the twinkling of an eye.

AS Johnnie, still dazed and feeble, gazed after the retreating ship, he saw a falling point of light like a cigar descend from the upper deck of the ship and strike the water a short distance away. Too dazed to understand its meaning, Johnnie continued feebly to move himself through the water until his hands collided with a floating object. He felt it curiously, finding that its buoyancy would support him and, clinging to it, he allowed himself to float, unmindful of all save the catastrophe that had recently overwhelmed him.

Who was his unknown assailant? Why was he attacked? Could it be the bonds—the bonds of which he was the sole custodian on their passage to Honolulu? The sudden and abysmal realization that the bonds were gone, that through his failure to protect them, the government's property had been stolen, did more to revive Johnnie than the water had done. He leaned his head against the bag he clutched and almost sobbed aloud. What would his father say? And his mother? And Betty?

What would the Superintendent say? What place would his chief make for him now—now that he had so utterly failed in his hour of test? It was a bitter thought for Johnnie, and he clutched the object that buoyed him with a renewed determination to regain possession of the bonds and discharge his trust faithfully. His hand coming suddenly into contact with a protuberance on the floating object he clung to, surrounded its outline with his fingers and the next instant the realization dawned upon him that he was hanging on to a suitcase.

"Great heavens, could it be!" was his mental exclamation, as he tried in the darkness to discover whether the bag he clutched was his own or another. If it were his own, the one containing the ten million in bonds, why—— He thrilled with the thought. But how on earth——?

(*Continued on page* 30)

Gladys Walton expects a Visitor Whispers the Film Flapper

The stork is hovering over the home of Gladys Walton, film star, and Henry Herbel, business man and husband of the star, according to what appear o be authentic reports. Miss Walton, who has gone East for a vacation, will remain in New York with her husband until the arrival of the happy event.

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A New Husband for Roberta Arnold

Herbert Rawlinson's divorced wife, Roberta Arnold, is to be married again. The bridegroom-to-be is Francis J. Lynch, a wealthy manufacturer of New Jersey. Miss Arnold is well-known to the New York stage.

It was while a member of the Morosco stock company in Los Angeles that Miss Arnold met the screen actor and was married to him. She left the stage at his request.

"I don't want my wife in public life," said Rawlinson to the writer once. "I don't think it is a good thing for two to be in a profession. Besides, if she is on the stage, she will have to leave me, for my home is in Los Angeles, where my picture work is."

Later, however, Miss Arnold was called by Morosco to play a leading role in "Upstairs and Down," and made such a hit that she was taken to New York in the role. Rawlinson and his wife were separated. Later the pair were divorced.

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And Tony Will Take Part

It looks as though we are to have a real "horse op'ry" at last!

Tom Mix is planning to make a picture based on the history of the evolution of the horse suggested in an article in a recent number of the Geographic Magazine. The picture will give an idea of the importance of the horse in the world's history, as well as a scientific resume of the animal's evolution.

His story will be a modern western, but will have flash-backs showing various horses belonging to famous men and women of history, including the horses of various great generals, Napoleon, Washington, and others, and that of Joan d'Arc and other noted women. Ancient chariot races will be shown, and Solomon's 3,500 chariot horses will come in for the limelight of cinema fame.

"I want to make a picture that will interest intelligent and scientific people, that will be worthy a place in cinema history, and that will be not only entertaining, but instructive," said Tom Mix.

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Motion Pictures With Depth

Motion pictures of stereoscopic value have been invented by George Spoor, of Chicago. Looking at them, you get the effect of the third dimension of depth, which so far has been lacking to the screen.

James Young is to direct the first picture to be made with the new invention, according to report.

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From College to Leading Man

A brand new hand-painted leading man has been discovered by Laurence Trimble. The new leading man is named Allen Vincent. He is a twenty-year-old Dartmouth student, who has no experience except in college theatricals, but is considered a great bet by Trimble. Vincent is the son of a noted Spokane banker, but it was in New York that Trimble met the boy. The director gave him a contract, and the young man is now on his way to California.

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This One From Bebe

Bebe Daniels was a very quaint little girl, according to the report of her relatives. Her aunt, Elena Griffin, also an actress, relates this on Bebe:

Here's *Sigrid Holmquist* on guard, and anyone who trespasses will have to raise *Cane*.

"Bebe used to come home from school," she said, "and tell how the mothers of all the girls were smoking. One day she looked up at her own mother and asked pathetically, 'Mamma, please promise me you won't smoke until I am twenty-one!'"

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The Big City for Lloyd Hughes

Although Lloyd Hughes is well-known to New York, Lloyd knows New York only by reputation and moving pictures. However, he is going to remedy the lack along about Christmas time, when he and his wife, Gloria Hope, mean to travel back to get a taste of Eastern Christmas cheer.

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Bebe to Play Shakespeare

Speaking of Bebe Daniels, I forgot to say—the most important fact of all—Bebe is scheduled to play Shakespeare in the films! She is to do the role of Kate in "The Taming of the Shrew," with Norman Kerry opposite as Petruchio. The producing company is the Bennie Ziedman Productions.

"I have always wanted to play this role," said Miss Daniels, "and I do hope the censors won't think it necessary to take all the pep out of Kate."

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Carmel Myers Starts Some Slang

"Oh, stop your brummeling!"

That is Hollywood's newest response to a thick compliment. Carmel Myers brought the word into being, and it has spread throughout the film colony, has been carried back to New York, and bids fair to spread through the country.

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Will Neilan Go to the Wedding?

Everybody in Hollywood is rather interested in the forthcoming wedding of Elsie Bambrick and Danny Shea. You see, Elsie Bambrick, who has just resigned from the "Artists and Models" show in New York, is the sister of Gertie Bambrick, Marshall Neilan's first wife; and Danny Shea is Marshall's assistant director.

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Another Rumored Engagement

Also everybody is interested in the rumored engagement of Corinne Griffith, lately divorced from her husband, and Walter Morosco. Morosco, you see, used to be considered Betty Compson's fiance.

"But that was all broken off before ever I went to Europe," said Betty, the other day. Meanwhile both Corinne and Morosco deny the reported engagement.

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Renee Adoree All Bunged Up

Renee Adoree was severely injured in an automobile accident, suffering two broken ribs and various lacerations, when her car, driven by herself, collided with a street car in Hollywood.

It looks as though Miss Adoree would be laid up for several weeks at least. Though she is lately separated from her husband, Tom Moore, he is reported as making anxious inquiry for her, following the report of her accident.

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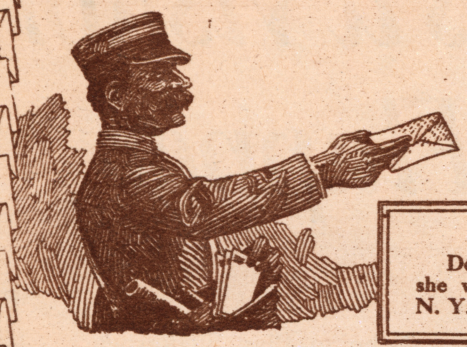
Imagine Conway Tearle a Farmer!

Humming the merry tune, "The Farmer's Life Is the Life For Me," Conway Tearle is these days out looking for a ranch to buy.

"Not that I mean to retire to it for some time to come, but when I do get ready, I want to be all set to go as a rancher," explained Tearle.



Fan Wants Ralph Graves and Viola Dana to Marry

ARE YOU A MOVIE FAN?

Do you wonder if your favorite screen star is married? Where she was born? Ask the COLONEL, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, N. Y. C. A stamped, addressed envelope will bring a personal reply.

VERNA—So you think I'm bright? Perhaps I might go to California in the rainy season and offer my services as sunshine. Yes, Ben Turpin is naturally cross-eyed, due to an accident he suffered years ago when he was a stage acrobat. He is forty-nine years old. Maurine Powers and Anna Q. Nilsson were the two leading women in "Why Girls Leave Home."

I. M. COOCOO—So you'd like Ralph Graves to marry Viola Dana? Well, he certainly ought to, to oblige an ardent fan, don't you think? But maybe when I tell them you're coocoo, as you say you are, they won't wish to be so accommodating. Yes, Anna Q. Nilsson had her hair cut like a man's for "Ponjola." Ramon Novarro is now abroad making "The Arab." Write for his picture at the Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood. Yes, Pola Negri is Polish. Her real name is Appolonia Chalupez, which in English would be Pauline Schwartz.

SKINNY—Thanks for your good wishes for sweet dreams; I wish I were having them now instead of working. Wesley Barry is seventeen; no, I'm afraid he wouldn't be likely to answer his own letters. Did you ever yet see a boy who liked to write letters? He lives at 4634 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles. Eddie Polo seems to have abandoned picture making.

FRANCES H.—Ah ha, Frances, I've good news for you; Johnnie Walker is not married. He is about twenty-seven; his address is Powers Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood. His next picture is "Fashionable Fakirs."

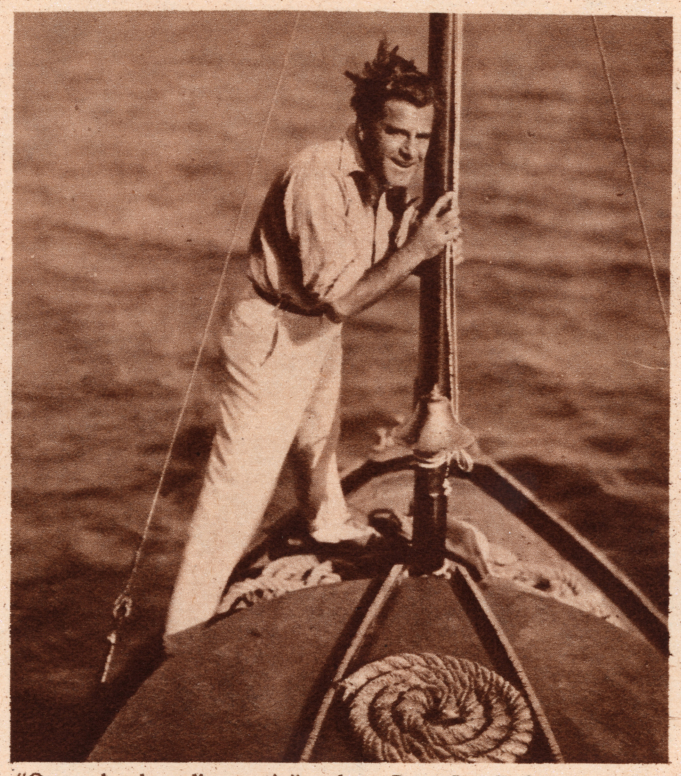
MAGDALENE — Yes, alas, Richard Barthelmess is married—I mean, alas for his admirers, not for Richard. His wife is Mary Hay and they have a little daughter. Monte Blue's latest picture is "Lucretia Lombard." Lila Lee has left Paramount and until she announces the company she is to play with, I have no address for her.

BETTY JANE—Yes, your letter was a real chummy one and that's the kind I like. Yes, the cowardly duke in "Ashes of Vengeance" was played by Wallace Beery, Gloria Swanson's first husband. Write to Gloria at the Famous Players Studio, Astoria, Long Island, and to Pola Negri at their Western Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Norman Kerry lives at 1745 McCadden Place, Los Angeles. Write Huntley Gordon at the Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood, and Mary Philbin at the Fox Studio, 1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood.

JULIETTE B.—Of course I'm not a style expert to predict what will happen to bobbed hair, but I haven't seen any indication that bobbed heads were getting fewer in New York. Lois Wilson and Richard Dix deny that they are engaged. Viola Dana is twenty-five. Louise Lovely has been playing in vaudeville for several years.

LONESOME POLLY—It's too bad that a Polly should be lonesome. I suppose you have to sit in the corner eating a cracker to pass away the time. Bebe Daniels is not married. Her address is Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

WINNIE WINKLE — Why, hello, Winnie, I've been having to winkle along without you for a long time. Ramon Novarro recently finished "Thy Name Is Woman." Yes, his brother Marianno played a small part in one of the Talmadge pictures. Ricardo Cortez is Spanish.



"Over the bounding main"—when *Bert Lytell* leaves the studio, sailing is his main occupation.

Kenneth Harlan lives at 1327 Le Moyne St., Los Angeles. Yes, Charlie Jones is married; he lives at 1954 Crasena Drive, Los Angeles.

R. E. H.—Certainly you may ask me for the address of Irene Rich—and what's more I'll answer. She lives at 703 N. Gramercy Place, Los Angeles.

MISS TANGLE — So you're worrying about the two Novak sisters? It's Jane who has the daughter. Eva has no children. Both are decided blondes.

HELEN'S LONG WAITING—So you don't know much about me? It's just as well, Helen, just as well. Pola Negri is twenty-nine and Polish. Yes, I believe Theda Bara is Jewish. Gloria Swanson is about twenty-seven.

CELIA SEGAL—Is it so hard to enter movieland? You bet; it's as hard as finding the North Pole. Mrs. Wallace Reid lives at 8327 De Longpre Ave., Los Angeles. Ralph Graves' address is International Studio, 127th St. and 2nd Ave., New York. Write Richard Dix, Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood.

LOTTIE MAYHEW—I see that you go in for the less well-known stars. The last I heard of Edward Coxen, he was living at 2520 W. 7th St., Los Angeles. I have no address for either Taylor Graves or Percy Pembroke. Frank Mayo's address is Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, Cal. The only suggestion I can offer for your getting a picture of Wallie Reid is to write to Mrs. Reid, 8327 De Longpre Ave., Los Angeles.

LAZY WINGS—Lazy wings won't carry you far. Yes, Gilda Gray is Polish. I'm sorry I haven't the casts of slap-stick comedies.

FLUFFY—So you're considered quite attractive by those who know you? Well, now that I think of it, they're really in a better position to judge than anyone else. However, that doesn't indicate anything as to your chances in the movies. There are thousands of attractive girls in California. Wesley Barry is seventeen; he lives at 4634 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles. Mary Pickford lives at Pickfair, Beverly Hills, Cal., and Jack Mulhall at 5857 Harold Way, Hollywood. Jack is married to Evelyn Winans.

MARY—So your whole family reads Movie Weekly? Well, you get a good dime's worth, then, don't you? The best address I know for Betty Compson at present is Selznick, 729 Seventh Ave., New York—American agents for the picture she made in England. Colleen Moore lives at 7119 S. Grand View, Los Angeles.

A READER—I'm glad to know I have a reader. Pauline Garon is twenty-two. No, she isn't married. Mrs. Keaton is Natalie Talmadge. Viola Dana's husband, John Collins, died of the flu in 1918. No, Viola is not related to Bert Lytell. Mae Murray has been married four or five years; no, she hasn't any children.

ESTELLE—Yes, you're right about "When Romance Rides." The picture I had in mind was "Red Hot Romance." My error! Frank Mayo is married to Dagmar Godowsky, who recently played in Goldwyn's "Red Lights." Claire Adams was born in Winnipeg; Marie Prevost and Pauline Garon were also born in Canada. In "Colleen of the Pines," Esther Cameron was played by Charlotte Pierce, Duncan Cameron by Alfred Allen. Edward Hearn played Barry O'Neill. The Novak sisters were born in St. Louis; Jane is about twenty-six and Eva several years younger. I don't know their exact ages. No, Irene Castle doesn't play in pictures any more.

Sincerely Yours
The Colonel

What shall we see at the Movies?

A brief resume of recent pictures that will enable our readers to tell what sort of movie, whether good or bad, is playing at their local theatre.
Rating: Excellent, 95%; Good, 90%; Fair, 80%; Poor 60%.

ANNA CHRISTIE (*Blanche Sweet*)—A splendid screen version of Eugene O'Neill's successful stage play. Story runs smoothly, there is plenty of action and interest, and Blanche Sweet gives one of the best portrayals of the season in the title role. 95%.

ASHES OF VENGEANCE (*Norma Talmadge*)—If you like costume pictures, do not miss this one. It is among the best of this class of photoplay. Norma Talmadge great—Conway Tearle very good as her leading man. 90%.

COMMON LAW, THE (*Corinne Griffith*)—An extravagant tale of a wealthy artist and a very beautiful model. Not much to it. A typical Robert W. Chambers story. If you like this author, see it, by all means, but leave the children home. 80%.

COUNTRY KID, THE (*Wesley Barry*) — No story to speak of, and Wes Barry has outgrown this sort of role. A lot of hokum in it, but also a good many laughs. You'll probably enjoy it and the youngsters surely will. 80%.

DANGEROUS MAID, THE (*Constance Talmadge*) — Constance goes in for the costume stuff, too. An entertaining play in which Connie does a little more dramatic work than usual. Don't think her fans will like her as well as in modern pictures. 90%.

DAVID COPPERFIELD (*Foreign Cast*)—A very charming but slow moving story. If you are a lover of Dickens, you will find this picture a delightful bit of entertainment. Not much action, it being mainly a character study. 90%.

DARLING OF NEW YORK, THE (*Baby Peggy Montgomery*)—Story not much but that does not matter. The adorable Baby Peggy gives a very fine performance which is remarkable for her few years. You will love her. Lots of laughs. 90%.

DULCY (*Constance Talmadge*)—This was a most amusing play, but the picture is stupid and slow. You will probably be bored regardless of the fact that Constance Talmadge does her best to entertain. It concerns a dumb but well-meaning wife who, in trying to help her husband, says and does the wrong thing at the wrong time. The story depends upon the conversation, which is why it did not make an entertaining picture. 60%.

ETERNAL CITY, THE (*Barbara La Marr*—Rather long and very uninteresting picture. The only redeeming features are the beautiful sets and street scenes. The picture was made in Italy, which gives it a splendid background, but the story is poor. Richard Bennett the only one in the cast who gives a good performance and his is excellent indeed. 60%.

Blanche Sweet* and *Edmund Lowe* in a gripping scene from *"In the Palace of the King."

ETERNAL THREE, THE (*Marshall Neilan Production*)—The old, old story of the busy husband, the lonely wife, and the other man, with a new twist here and there. Good entertainment, with lovely Claire Windsor and Hobart Bosworth playing the leading roles. Not up to the Neilan standard. 80%.

FLAMING YOUTH (*Colleen Moore*)—A fast-moving story with a great start. Falls down a bit at the finish. Story concerns frivolous young mother and flapper daughter. Colleen Moore the most delightful and amusing flapper of the year. See it for her performance if for nothing else.

GOLD DIGGERS, THE (*Hope Hampton*)—An amusing and very sophisticated tale of the little chorus girls who sing "Dig a little deeper" to their men friends. But they are good girls, so it is all right. Very amusing. Louise Fazenda funny as the dickens. 90%.

HIS CHILDREN'S CHILDREN (*All Star Cast*)—A very intricate plot concerning the same old story of the wild and jazzy younger generation. If you have nothing else to see, this will do. Bebe Daniels in it, but she has nothing much to do. 80%.

IN THE PALACE OF THE KING (*Blanche Sweet and Edmund Lowe*) — Another costume picture, but quite a bit more entertaining than most of this brand. For romantic fans there is Edmund Lowe, who makes an ideal lover for Blanche Sweet. 90%.

IF WINTER COMES (*Percy Marmont*)—If you read and liked the book, you will love this picture. It is done with such sincerity that it is bound to hold your interest. The most notable thing about it is Percy Marmont's splendid portrayal of the lovable "old puzzlehead." 95%.

LONG LIVE THE KING (*Jackie Coogan*)—This young star wonderful. A most amusing and beautiful picture. Do not miss it and do not forget to bring the kiddies. The story is great and Jackie a darling little king. 95%.

LIGHT THAT FAILED, THE (*Percy Marmont*)—Not a faithful adaptation of Kipling's famous story of the same name. However, interesting and entertaining. Percy Marmont, who did such excellent work in "If Winter Comes" gives a fine performance here also. 90%.

LAWFUL LARCENY — (*Hope Hampton and Nita Naldi*)—Mostly hokum crowded down with a lot of enormous and extravagant sets. Miss Hampton wears some beautiful clothes and

(Continued on page 47)

Movie Weekly Recommends

"ANNA CHRISTIE"
"ASHES OF VENGEANCE"
"IF WINTER COMES"
"LONG LIVE THE KING"
"MERRY GO ROUND"
"OUR HOSPITALITY"
"ROSITA"
"STEPHEN STEPS OUT"
"WOMAN OF PARIS"

The Girl Who Was Never Safe

(Continued from page 19)

"And you will call me Charlie?"

"Yes, Charie, I will," she answered, laughing.

"I'm glad you're such a sensible girl," he said, his tone becoming lower, "for it has seemed to me from the first that you and I were cut out for good friends."

"Ah, but we can't be very intimate. Mabel March would not like it, and I could never consent to injuring her. I wish she were not so conventional."

"IT CANNOT matter what she is," he said, meaningly.

"Why?" demanded Grace.

"Because our engagement is broken off. She and I had some words, and she broke the engagement."

"And I was the cause? Oh, I am so sorry."

"You need not be. I know now that I never loved her; and I am glad the engagement is over. I am a free man now, Grace."

He spoke with so much meaning in his voice that Grace could not help but notice it, even though she was the last ever to catch the subtle meaning of men's words.

"I hope she will not regret it," Grace faltered, and was half angry with herself for doing so. "But we are forgetting my problem," she added brusquely. "How shall I decide?"

"Let me think it over for another day," he answered. "Promise me you won't accept until you have talked with me tomorrow."

"Yes, I can promise that, but I assure you, you will have to give me a good reason indeed to make me abandon the project. You know I am very obstinate."

"Are you obstinate? Well, I do not mind that. I'll tell you what I would like to do, Grace, since I have said what I have. I'd like to take you to a theatre tonight to show you what your associates will be. Will you go with me?"

"I'd like to go."

"All right, then! And why not make a complete evening of it by going to dinner with me at a quiet little place I know?"

"I don't like to accept too many favors," she said, doubtfully.

"Oh, between old friends," he laughed.

"All right; I'll go," she said, making up her mind quickly.

They continued their walk, but Charlie very deftly led the conversation away from Grace's problem, and it was not long before they were exchanging experiences with each other.

CHARLIE told her many things about his life, and she told him many about hers, betraying more than she realized of her relation to Will Belden, and was even led to talk about Don Morton.

It was such a talk as brought them very close together, so that when they finally separated at Grace's door it seemed to her as if she had known him longer than any other friend she had.

They were to meet again in a very short time, for the afternoon was nearly gone when they returned, and Grace left him with a hearty handclasp, and a promise to be ready for him when he should call a little later.

She was very happy, and her heart throbbed with a feeling that was new to her. She spent a longer time than usual before the mirror, and her thoughts were full of Charlie Denver.

Perhaps she would not have understood her own feelings but for an involuntary act she committed.

On her bureau were pictures of her father and mother, and one of Will. On more than one occasion these silent faces had been a solace to her, and even an inspiration to persevere. She had felt that she could not go back home until she had proved that a girl could make as much of a success as a boy.

Tonight, as she made herself ready to meet Charlie Denver, she talked to her father in a way that had become habitual in the absence of friends to whom she might go.

She explained to her father, talking to his photograph, that he would surely like Charlie, if ever he came to know him; and said a great many other things that betrayed how much of her thoughts were occupied by the handsome young aristocrat.

Several times she shifted to Will's picture as if it did not accord with her feelings to have him looking at her in that wistful way.

Finally she slowly took the picture up and put it in one of the bureau drawers, murmuring under her breath:

"It's no use, Will; there never can be anything between us, and I don't like you to look at me in that way. I know there isn't a nobler man on earth than you, Will, but somehow there's something else needed besides that conviction. I begin to understand what you said about love, Will."

Would You Like to be One Of Our Editors?

◈ ◈ ◈

You know, it used to be said that a woman always read the last part of a book first.

When you read Movie Weekly do you ever stop and think which page you first turn to and which page, after all, you have enjoyed the most?

Movie Weekly wants its readers to write and tell just what stories they liked best in the most recent issue, and why; just what stories they liked least, and why; and just how Movie Weekly can be improved so that its thousands of friends all over the world who read Movie Weekly will enjoy it more.

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It seemed to Charlie Denver, when she came down in answer to the summons he had sent by the slatternly little maid, that he had never seen anybody half so beautiful as she.

She had taken pains to make herself look as well as possible from the clothes point of view, but beside this there was a brightness in her eyes and a flush on her cheeks.

"Do you mind," he asked, softly, "if I tell you that you are marvelously beautiful? I never saw anybody like you."

"I don't mind, as long as you don't intend it for flattery," she answered. "I hate insincerity."

"Well, it was not flattery, I can assure you, for I never was more sure of anything in my life."

CHAPTER XVII

I Seem Odd to You

IT WAS Grace's first experience of pleasuring in the great city, and she entered into it with a zest that made her a delightful companion to the more sophisticated young man; and yet she bore herself with so queenly an air that her simplicity seemed rather a manner of perfection than anything else.

The dinner was a table d'hote affair. Meat was served at each course, it seemed to her, so that she got very little out of it, for it did not occur to her to eat the meat any more than it would have to drink the wine.

But if she had little to eat, she had much to think about. She was delighted with the novel experience, and when Charlie was distressed because he had brought her to a place where she did not find what she liked to eat, she only laughed, and told him she fortunately could go without a meal and not be much distressed.

"It doesn't seem like living," he said.

"Indeed, it's the best kind of living," she answered. "You don't know what life holds for you until you give up meat."

"Really," laughed he, then explained, 'The reason why I brought you here instead of going to a better place was so you might see what New Yorkers call Bohemia. Bohemia to a New Yorker is a place where the place is unattractive and the cooking a mystery, where all the patrons are commonplace, but where each thinks the other a freak."

"But they all do seem odd to me," she said; "and I am sure they would find me odd enough, if they knew how I felt about the food they seem to enjoy so much."

"Oh, well," he laughed, "you know we are all odd when it comes to really knowing each other. Confess I seem odd to you!"

"Not a bit. You seem just the right sort to me."

"Well, I can return that compliment with interest," he exclaimed, his eyes devouring her, but not alarming her as such glances from another would have done.

"I don't think I care for this cheese," she said, rather lamely.

"Oh, Grace!" he cried, under his breath, "I wish I dared tell you what I do think of you."

A sudden panic overtook Grace; something quite unlike anything in her previous experience.

"I—I don't drink coffee," she stammered. "Shan't we go now?"

"But, Grace," he persisted, "may I tell you later what I think, and how I feel? Will you let me? What are you staring at, Grace?" he added, suddenly, as he saw her start and stare.

"DON Morton is coming toward us," she gasped.

Weak and contemptible as Grace felt Don Morton to be, he nevertheless represented to her the one malign influence in her life; and now as she saw him coming toward her, she felt a sense of repulsion and of something very like fear.

She was not in the least afraid of him, but she had just been very happy in listening to her companion, a happiness based on the consciousness of loving and being loved; and there was something almost ominous in the appearance at that very moment of the man who never came within her sight without bringing trouble in his wake.

Her impulse was to spring up and confront him without regard of the time or place, but she did not realize how far she had obeyed her impulse until she felt Charlie's hand on her arm and heard his low voice in her ear:

"Leave him to me, Grace; I will do whatever you wish done."

She sank back in her chair, confused at having done so unconventional a thing as to spring up at the table; and she was instantly angry with herself because she could see that Don Morton would have passed by without noticing her if she had remained seated.

As it was, his attention was drawn to her by her movement. At first he gave a start of surprise and dismay, but as his eyes fell on Charlie Denver, who was whispering to Grace, his old insolent manner returned to him and he had the audacity to lift his hat and smile at her.

Grace looked around the crowded restaurant, noted the strange throng, and realized that if anything were done to call attention to themselves it would only serve to give those reckless revellers a passing sensation. Perhaps she recognized for the first time the power of conventionalism.

"Pay no attention to him," she answered, her eyes drooping before the bold gaze of the

(Continued on page 26)

The Confessions of a Movie Wardrobe Mistress

(*Continued from page* 5)

such a thing would be likely to occur?

It was no particular affection for the director, rather the dramatic instinct, which prompted the star to take advantage of her cafe audience to stage this little scene. It was too good an opportunity to let go by. Why slip quietly into a chair and give her order to a waitress when there was this opportunity to focus all eyes upon her?

I think the indefinitely prolonged love scenes which are necessary in making a picture have something to do with this free and easy, give and take attitude in the matter of little familiarities around a studio. A screen hero and heroine cannot go through a love scene and have it over. Even when the cameras are ready to "shoot" the scene may have to be filmed several times. With these long, lingering close-up caresses ever before them it is small wonder that studio employees are influenced by the force of example. They see the hero and heroine exchanging fervid kisses, then sauntering carelessly in opposite directions as soon as the scene is made. Is it any wonder that a kiss in the land of the flickering Kleigs is regarded merely as so much thistle-down or rainbow mist?

I began to feel very sorry for that Jimmie-boy of Hazel's back in that little Kansas town after she had carelessly tossed me one or two of his letters to read. She was vain, was Hazel, and she liked me to know that she had other admirers besides De Saulles. Through those three or four typewritten sheets of Jimmie's I could see the boy's anxiety about Hazel. I expect a newspaper man, coming so much in contact with all sides of life, soon forms a pretty shrewd estimate of things in general. Anyway, Jimmie had worked on papers in larger towns than Centerville and, judging from his letters, he was a fine, wide-awake chap.

"You are so little and so sweet, dear, and so young," he wrote. "When I remember that good-bye kiss you gave me at the train, I just want to rush right out there and get you and bring you back here, away from that jazzy crowd. You don't belong to them, Hazel. They're not your kind of people. With you to work for I'd soon get to the top. I had a letter from the Kansas City *Star* last week. They liked a story I had sent them. Maybe they will offer me a job. If they do, will you come back and be married, dear? You would like Kansas City. It's a real town."

I felt the sting of tears in my eyes as I put down the letter and looked at the vain little peacock before the glass. The memory of De Saulles' mocking eyes the morning he gave the girl that fervid kiss returned to me. I felt like wiring Jimmie to come right on out and to bring a whip and a pair of handcuffs with him. It was just the sort of treatment that too-sure young lady needed!

But, after all, it was none of my business. If a wardrobe mistress attempted to oversee the morals of all the girls in a motion picture studio, she wouldn't have much time for fixing up their clothes. After all, I wasn't a chaperon or a police-woman. Somehow, though, I've often wished since I had sent that wire to Jimmie just to see what would happen.

It would be idle to say there are no more temptations around a "set" or on a "lot" (technical terms for the places where the scenes are made) than there are in any other walk of life. There are various reasons why girls in motion picture studios are confronted with more chances of "going wrong" than say, in an office, a store or the school room. One of these reasons is that in the mad scramble for realism in the pictures—making them actually true to life—a girl is often required to do things which she would not ordinarily think of doing.

FOR instance, I went down on one of our stages one day because I happened to remember that the leading woman did not have a certain beaded bag which the script called for. When I got there I found it was what is known as "a dark set." That is, it was entirely shut in with huge screens, upon which were terse signs: "Keep out!" Even I was enabled to enter only after I had found the assistant director and obtained through him the permission of the director himself.

The cameras were about to "shoot" just as I entered. The director, in his leather puttees and horn-rim spectacles, was intently eyeing the scene about to be made. Cameramen were standing at attention. Electric light men were perched above, ready to turn on the gigantic sunlight arcs. A few prop men and carpenters stood quietly in the background. In front of the cameras was the leading woman, clad in an artist's apron with a paint brush in her hand and a piece of canvas in front of her. Directly in the center of the scene

***Agnes Ayres* is all dressed up for a *mah-jong* tea.**

was a young girl who looked to be about eighteen. Her hair was done high on her head in a sort of Psyche knot. Below the blue cloak which she had wrapped around her, I could see her bare feet and legs. She was standing on a small raised platform.

"Now, Miss L———," said the director, in a gentle tone. At his word the girl unloosed the blue cloak which fell to her feet in a soft heap. She stood before us absolutely nude!

I WONDERED what her thoughts must have been under the battery of the blazing lights, completely revealed in all the splendor of her white young beauty and tender curves to the cynical eyes of all these men. I heard afterward that it was her first experience in posing in the nude. I glanced about me at the various faces. "Props" and carpenters were apparently as unimpressed as though the scene had been a Quaker meeting house or a New England sewing bee. Their attitude was entirely respectful. There were no ridiculing murmurs or coarse remarks. It all seemed a part of the picture to them. Whatever their thoughts as to the informality of the scene, they kept them to themselves. These men certainly made it as easy as they could for the young model. The minute the cameras had ceased grinding, the director himself stepped quickly to the girl and flung the blue cloak about her shoulders. He gave her his hand and helped her from the platform. She went over to a corner and sat down on a bench with an older woman who had come with her. She held the blue cloak closely about her.

The others on the set were busy getting ready for the next scene. I stopped to talk a moment with the young girl. She seemed very sweet and modest. I learned that she was an artist's model, but never before had posed in the nude. It seems that just at the time she applied for a job they were getting ready for the film requiring a model, so naturally they selected this girl for the part. She told me she was glad that Miss A, the girl who was playing the lead, was in the scene at the same time, too. "It made it easier to have another woman there," she said. All this, of course, was true, and, as I stated before, the attitude of the men on the set was entirely respectful. Yet I could not help wondering, as I went back across the glaring heat of the lot, what effect this drastic breaking down of all reserve and modesty would have on the girl in time.

Just as I was entering the wardrobe department, I met De Saulles.

"Great stuff down on Stage 4, what?" he said with a wink. I gave him an icy stare and said distinctly:

"Evil to him that evil thinks."

Just the same—oh, well! The scene will flicker on the screen for just about one minute. Even then the censor is likely to cut it out. But I cannot help wondering if it was really essential to the success of the picture to have quite so much realism.

De Saulles called after me:

"Oh, by the way, I'm going to take the little Kansas Pansy out on location tomorrow in my new car. She's some little queen, what?"

My anger blazed up, but I tried to assume a friendly tone in order not to antagonize him. What was there about those wide open eyes of Hazel's which made one want to protect her? Or was it of Jimmie I was thinking—Jimmie of the straightforward, manly letters, now far away in that little Kansas town. I could just see the noon day heat shimmering down on the post-office and the corner drug store and the long, cool, maple-lined street full of homes. I could picture Hazel going down in the evening to get the mail, and Jimmie eagerly joining her and walking home with her.

All about me was the fierce glare of the California sun beating down on the too-white buildings, the scarlet tropical flowers. And before me was De Saulles' heavy, handsome face, evil, mocking.

"Look here, Arthur, what do you want to bother with that little country kid for?" I asked. "Let her alone. You know she's taking you too seriously. Be generous, be fair. Try that old game of yours on somebody more worldly wise."

"Aha, but I love the fresh, unspoiled little darlings," he drawled. "They have so much to learn—and I love to play the teacher."

Again that tantalizing gleam in his eye. I hated him and he knew it. I saw I could do no good by appealing to his chivalry. He didn't know what the word meant. But I determined to find some excuse for going along on that location trip the next day.

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What happened on the location trip? Did De Saulles succeed in his unscrupulous designs against poor little misguided Hazel? Was the wardrobe mistress able to convince Hazel of her foolishness? And how about Jim, the boy back home in Kansas? What could he do to help the silly little Hazel alone in Hollywood among all the wolfish men?

Read all about the thrilling adventures which come to Hazel, what happened to her on that location trip. Get your copy of Movie Weekly from the newsstands next Thursday and find out what happened to Hazel!

The Girl Who Was Never Safe

(Continued from page 24)

libertine whom, at any other time, she would have punished for his insolence.

"If you say the word, Grace, I will go after him and give him a lesson he will never forget."

"Oh, no, no! Let him go. He can do no more than stare at me, and some day the opportunity will come when I can punish him myself, and that will be more effective than anything you can do. Besides, he is probably leaving the restaurant."

"No," said Charlie, looking around, "he is sitting down by the side of a young lady at one of the tables."

"Well, there is nothing to do," Grace answered, feeling singularly impotent. "We can't make a scene here. Besides, what excuse would there be for doing anything? The harm he has done to me was done so long ago that it seems too late now to notice it. As long as he lets me alone I will do nothing to him. Can't we go now?"

"We shall have to pass his table if we do."

"Then let us wait and see if he won't go out first."

They waited for some time, talking in the desultory way of those whose minds are preoccupied by thoughts that cannot be driven away, however unwelcome they may be. Whenever they looked around they saw Don Morton talking animatedly to the young lady by whom he had seated himself, and who Grace saw was the same he had been with in the department store.

By and by Grace saw, through the corner of her eye, that he and she were getting up, and she was congratulating herself on their soon being gone, when to her consternation she saw them approach her.

SHE knew as well as if she had been able to read their minds that they were coming to speak to her, and she said so to Charlie.

"They are coming here," she said. "How does he dare? What shall we do?"

Charlie looked around and changed color as he saw them approaching between the rows of tables. It was plain enough from Don Morton's expression that he was going to claim acquaintance.

"I'll knock him down," he said fiercely.

Grace looked into his face and saw that he meant what he said and was prepared to put his threat in execution. Instantly a picture of the fracas and the after possibilities rose before her.

"No, no, Charlie!" she pleaded; "don't do anything. Let us get out the moment they get here. You have paid your bill, so there is no reason why we should have to wait."

She began to put on her outer garment, assisted by Charlie, who was quick to see that her advice was good, though he had been so angered as to suggest violence, but before they could complete their arrangements, Don Morton and his companion were at their table, and Don Morton was saying with indescribable insolence:

"How are you, Grace? How are you, Charlie? Glad to see you've come off your high horse, Grace. Let me make you acquainted with my lady friend——"

"You beast!" hissed Charlie with only enough self-control left to enable him to whisper; "If it was anywhere but in public I'd pound you into a jelly. As it is——"

But the consciousness that what he thought would be the thought of everybody else there, and that it would be made more certain by any open altercation, made Grace put a restraining hand on Charlie's arm and to whisper, pleadingly:

"Come away, Charlie! Don't have any words with him; he is drunk."

"I'll settle this with you some other time, Don Morton," Charlie said in a low, fierce whisper; "and you know I am a man of my word."

"Come, Grace!" Charlie said hoarsely, and drew her away just as they were beginning to attract attention.

They could hear Don Morton's half-drunken, jeering laugh as they went away, and it seemed to Grace as if somehow she had been smirched by the talk that had taken place.

"What sort of place is that?" Grace asked in a low tone.

"The restaurant?"

"Yes."

"A Bohemian resort."

"To which respectable men and women never go?"

"Oh, Grace! how can you suspect me of such a thing?" he asked reproachfully. "It is a place where all sorts of persons go, but more respectable ones than any others. You may ask anyone if that is not so. Please don't think I would insult you by taking you to a doubtful cafe."

Mary Eaton in "*His Children's Children*" is always up on her toes.

"I was hurt when I thought you could have taken me to a place you would not have taken a sister."

"And you do believe me, then, when I assure you it is not such a place? I love you too honestly. Will you be my wife, dear girl?"

"How can you love me enough to wish me to be your wife in so short a time as you have known me?" she asked in a low tone.

"Grace," he answered, drawing closer to her and taking her tenderly by the arm: "if I only dared ask you to go to your own heart for an answer to that question. May I hope that you love me a little bit?"

She was silent for a long time, powerfully affected by his magnetic personality, her heart throbbing with the sentiment which he had awakened there. Through him she had first come to know what love meant, and he represented to her the ideal of young manhood. And yet there were disturbing doubts, born of the events of the evening.

"You don't speak, Grace," he went on again in low, thrilling tones, his hand drawing her closer to him. "Are you silent because your own heart tells you that love is possible in any limit of time? Is there within your breast something that is pleading for me? Tell me, Grace!"

"It seems as if I dared not speak, Charlie" she breathed.

"MAY I guess your answer, dear?" he asked, his lips almost on her cheek.

"Oh, I will not make you guess it, Charlie," she cried suddenly. "I do love you, but I dare not promise yet to be your wife."

They were on one of the long, silent blocks running east and west in the great metropolis, and there was no one to note that Charlie Denver's arm encircled her supple waist and drew her so close that he could press a kiss on her willing lips.

Grace had not meant to enter into such a close relation as an engagement with Charlie Denver, but in letting him know that she loved him, she had substantially done so.

And he was quick to take advantage of the tacit relation. He saw her every day and spent long hours with her, now in one place, now in another; perhaps in the Metropolitan Museum, perhaps in some theatre.

He disuaded her from accepting the offers of the managers, though she so sorely needed the money she could have earned from them. Indeed, she often looked back at that time and wondered how she contrived to live at all without betraying to Charlie her extreme poverty.

He dissuaded her from accepting the offers his mother and the other members of his family, but he explained to her that they were all away in Europe at that time and would not be home for several months.

"But I have written all about you," he told her, "and within a month you will have a letter from mother welcoming you into our family."

She wrote to her father and mother about Charlie, but did not say very much, because she could not say that she was engaged to him, and she did not wish to seem to be in love with him until she could say that she had formally accepted him as her future husband.

In the meanwhile Charlie acted as if he were her accepted lover, and was so persistent and so tender and kind that Grace could not deny herself the happiness she felt in his caresses.

One afternoon, as they sat together in the shabby little parlor of the lodging house, waiting until it should be time for them to go out to dinner, he drew a little morocco-covered case from his pocket and handed it to Grace.

She looked at it doubtfully and opened it as he bade her to. It was a ring, in which was set a diamond of no very great size, but evidently of the purest water. The blood mounted to Grace's face as she looked at the pretty jewel, and it was some time before she could look up and ask:

"Why do you show me this, Charlie?"

"I do not show it to you, dear," he answered in that tender, thrilling tone that seemed only natural to him when he talked with her; "I brought it for you to wear. You see it is not a large stone, but I told the jeweler that I wanted above all things that the stone should be of the purest water and absolutely flawless. Can you not imagine why I did so, sweetheart?"

His arm was around her and he drew her closer to him as he spoke, until her cheek was against his.

"But you know I do not like to take presents, Charlie," she whispered.

"This is not a present, but a ring for you to wear to remind you always of my love and devotion."

"But we are not engaged, Charlie."

He laughed softly and his lips crept over her round, firm cheek until they found hers, where they clung in a long, passionate kiss before he said:

"Was there ever so strange a girl as you? You love me or you would not permit my caresses. You admit that you love me; and if you did not I should surely know it now, and yet you refuse to be engaged to me. Oh, Grace! you see yourself that you are inconsistent."

(Continued on page 28)

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What Shall We See At the Movies?

(Continued from page 23)

Nita outdoes herself in the matter of weird-looking head-dress and gowns. Some people will find it entertaining. 60%.

OUR HOSPITALITY (*Buster Keaton*)—A dandy comedy, filled with very clever and highly amusing episodes. Perhaps it suffers from being just a trifle too long. Interesting scenes of New York in 1830. Natalie Talmadge Keaton an excellent leading lady for her husband. 90%.

PONJOLA (*Anna Q. Nilsson and James Kirkwood*)—Story does not run smoothly. A bit jerky so that it is rather hard to follow the idea. Follows the book pretty closely. It is fairly good entertainment. Anna Nilsson cut off her beautiful hair to play the role of a boy and she is interesting in this role, even though it is not the best thing she has ever done. 80%.

POTASH AND PERLMUTTER (*Barney Bernard and Alexander Carr*)—Very, very amusing. In fact, this is really funny. Concerns the adventures of a pair of Jewish clothing merchants. It is splendid entertainment, so do not miss it. 90%.

ROSITA (*Mary Pickford*)—Even though you cannot see Mary Pickford as a wild Spanish street singer, you will like "Rosita." It is as beautiful as anything that has appeared on the screen this season. Mary is her charming and dainty self, displaying her many amusing mannerisms. The story is good, and Holbrook Blinn's performance as the King is delightful. 95%.

SIX DAYS (*Corinne Griffith*)—You will find this sufficient for an evening's entertainment. Corinne Griffith very fine—story, Elinor Glyn. 90%.

STEPHEN STEPS OUT (*Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.*)—A very clean, amusing comedy that will prove excellent entertainment for the whole family, particularly the boys. Doug, Jr., is a clean-cut youngster. If you insist upon love stories, stay away from this one. No girls, no love scenes—for a change. It is refreshing. 90%.

SPANISH DANCER, THE (*Pola Negri*)—Pola's best picture since her arrival in this country. She is again the fiery gypsy. The sort of role that suits her so perfectly. Antonio Moreno's work is excellent. 90%.

TO THE LADIES (*Edward Horton and Helen Jerome Eddy*)—A splendid comedy due to the excellent direction of James Cruze. You will enjoy it. 90%.

THIS FREEDOM—A very boresome story. It deals with the problem of the modern woman. Shall she stay home? Or shall she become a business woman? Mr. Hutchinson, the author, believes in the woman staying in the home and takes great pains to tell us so. Acting poor. 60%.

VIRGINIAN, THE (*Kenneth Harlan and Florence Vidor*)—A long drawn-out story of the early Western days. In spite of the fact that it is a Western picture, there is little or no action. 60%.

WOMAN OF PARIS, A (*Written and directed by Charlie Chaplin*)—Do not miss this one. It is something so different, so entirely new to the screen that you cannot help but be interested. No doubt the finest picture ever produced. The story is just about "A Woman of Paris." 95%.

WAY MEN LOVE, THE (*Elliott Dexter*)—Not a sex story, as it sounds, so you can take the children. If you like thrills, there is a marvelous train wreck. Elliott Dexter good as the man who cures ills of the body and soul by the power of his mind. If you are interested in mental healing, see this. 90%.

ZAZA (*Gloria Swanson*)—A vivid tale of a wild little French actress who loved her man violently. Interesting, but Gloria is not as good as in her previous picture, "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife." 80%.

Do You Believe in Luck?

Thousands waste the best years of their life waiting for some "stroke of luck" to make them successful. Two men starting exactly alike as babies with the same kind of attention—then as boys with the same advantages of education—then as young men feeling around for a start in life—and then after the final test as men, one is a failure, the other a big success. Is it luck? No indeed.

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Luck is exactly what you make it. There is an old saying—"Those who have—get." The more you go after and get for yourself instead of waiting for "luck" to come, the more good fortune is forced on you. Those who are patiently waiting for something good to turn up are invariably disappointed in life—those who know that they can make their own good fortune always find plenty of it waiting.

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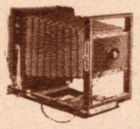

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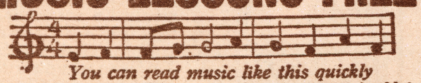

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The Girl Who Was Never Safe

Continued from page 26)

"Yes, I do love you, Charlie. I do not wish to pretend that I do not love you, but I am not ready to say I will be your wife."

"But why, Grace, if you love me and I love you?"

"I don't know. It seems unfair to you, Charlie, I know. When you are by my side it seems to me that I am ready to go with you and be your wife; but when I am alone I find myself always wondering if I really do love you as much as a girl should who is going to take the happiness of a good man into her keeping."

"But if I am ready to take that awful risk," he answered playfully, "why should you hesitate? You do love me, don't you?"

HER only answer was a long look into his eyes. Her soul had been awakened and she responded to his words of love with a depth of passion that made her half afraid of herself. She felt herself intoxicated with the beauty and the joy of love.

Charlie caught her in his arms and strained her to his breast, raining kisses on her lovely face and murmuring words of love and adoration. Then suddenly he freed her from his embrace and caught her hand and slipped the ring on the third finger.

"Now we are formally engaged," he said.

She cried out as if pained, and a part at least of the truth broke from her lips:

"Oh, no, Charlie, not when I am so wretchedly poor. I am ashamed to wear this costly ring when I am living from hand to mouth as I am. I must let you know the whole truth, Charlie. You would not have me take the offers of the theatrical managers, and I have been pawning whatever I had that would bring me anything. I have felt ashamed and humiliated and yet I couldn't tell you before."

"Oh, Grace, my darling!" he cried in pain; "you have been suffering while I have been wasting money. Oh, how could you! What is money that we should make so much of it? Oh, I should have suspected this and done something to prevent it."

"There was nothing you could have done that I would have permitted," she responded with a touch of the old pride which she had almost forgotten during these blissful days of loving.

"What a haughty beauty you are, my Grace! But tell me this, dear: Suppose I were poor, would you love me less, or be the less ready to accept me as your lover?"

"No, I would be so glad to share your poverty, Charlie."

"Well," he laughed, "there is no good reason why you should not share my wealth, for I never made a cent of it. It was all made for me by my father and I have had nothing to do but spend it. So make up your mind to share it with me as you would my poverty, since the one is no more my fault than the other is yours."

"I wonder how you can be so willing to be idle, Charlie," she said in a troubled way. "It doesn't seem as if anybody should live in idleness."

"When we are married I'll buckle down and do something to astonish the world. First we'll go abroad and see all there is to be seen; then——"

"I would want to see father and mother the first thing," she said, unconscious of how her words were almost an acceptance of his plans.

But he saw and smiled. He looked at the ring remaining on the strong, capable hand, he looked at the beautiful head that rested on his shoulders, and he knew that he had only to say the right words then and there to win his cause.

"Grace, dear!" he said, holding her close to him, "suppose we go first to see your father and mother; and suppose we buy a ranch near by and settle down on it. It is a better life to lead than this artificial one that goes on in the cities. You know that already I am more than half a convert to your ideas of life. Think of how happy we could be riding side by side over the rolling hills of California!"

"Oh, what a life it would be!" she cried, starting up and looking at him with passionate joy animating her beautiful face. "It would be living, Charlie. You are already an athlete, and such life would make you so strong and so magnificent that none could compare with you."

"Not even that wonderful Will Belden?" he asked with a touch of jealousy.

GRACE turned sad in a moment, as she always did at the thought of the man who had been the first to utter words of love to her. And she found that she had cared for him so much that she was now forced to banish him from her mind if she would be happy.

Did Grace Harper, so fondly in love with Charles Denver, marry him? Or did she yield to the lure of art and return to her old life in the public eye? Read what happened to this girl who made men's pulses beat a mad tattoo in the next smashing instalment. On the newsstands Thursday.

News Notes

Lincoln Stedman tells the world that he is now working in "The Man Whom Life Passed By"—but Lincoln isn't the man in question. He just couldn't be passed by without at least a second look—he weighs well over two hundred.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Patsy Ruth Miller unwittingly played a good joke on the Volstead officers. Patsy, it seems, has a passion for olive oil, and the other day, while lunching in an Italian restaurant near the studio—she is playing in "The Yankee Consul"—she found some olive oil so much to her taste that she bought several bottles to take home. But as she emerged with the bottles under her arm, two alert Volstead officers nabbed her. Patsy, being a good citizen, understood, but she couldn't help smiling when the officers sampled her liquor and found it was olive oil!

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Tom Terriss, who just finished directing "Fires of Faith" in the Sahara, with Pedro De Cordoba and Wanda Hawley, has some tall tales to tell about the opening of an inner chamber of King Tutankhamen's tomb, at which he was present. He says that when the wall was crashed in the gust of air that rushed out was so cold it almost prostrated them. Tom admits that this has nothing to do with the making of pictures, but he simply can't help bragging about it.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Al Cooke, comedian in the "Fighting Blood" series, says that a practical joke is all right, but it can sometimes be carried too far! He dashed out of bed one morning recently to report as usual for work and found that during the night some jokester had shaved off half his mustache. When he arrived at the studio in that state, the rest of the company thought his mind must have gone awry, as his mustache is one of his cherished possessions. He explained the joke, and now, because he has to finish the picture, he is wearing a mustache that is half his own, half false.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Tom Mix, when reminiscent, loves to tell the story of one of his trips to New York, when he was wined and dined and otherwise feted by the metropolis and given everything but the freedom of the city—which he could doubtless have had for the asking. Anyway, one day a police inspector and a fancy captain or so escorted Tom and his horse Tony about some of the bridle paths of Central Park.

"Now this path," the inspector would point out, "goes to Beechwood, and that one winds up at 72nd St., and, let's see, where does this one go?"

And Tom would say yes, wasn't that interesting, and he would absorb all the sights. But all the time he was having a good laugh to himself. Because a long time ago, when Tom came back from South Africa on a cattle ship and landed in New York, broke, he found a job as instructor in a riding academy. And for more than a year, he spent somewhere around ten hours a day riding around those bridle paths.

So no wonder he chuckled. For, according to Tom, if he had had a five-minute start, he could have lost all the policemen in New York on those Central Park bridle paths.

FAT CAN BE REDUCED IN JUST TWO WAYS

Medicines Are Worthless and Generally Harmful

Fat cannot be sweated out—the first drink of water you take after perspiring restores the lost weight—

Fat cannot be rubbed off—if rubbing did break it up it would simply float around in the blood and be redeposited elsewhere—

It cannot be squeezed out by rubber bands or corsets—massage furnishes a little exercise but squeezing has no effect at all—

Consider the above statements carefully and you cannot help but acknowledge their soundness.

The Real Solution Is Simple and It Works

Fat enters the body when food is consumed in excess of one's needs; it can be removed by lessening the fat making food intake or by muscular exercise. There is no other way for it to get in or get out. Therefore to lose fat, eat less food that makes fat, or take more exercise that consumes fat—or do both.

But above all remember there is no question as to whether the treatment will work or not. All other ills of the body may sometimes fail to respond even when the best known methods are applied. Not so with obesity. The cause and elimination of obesity is a matter of mathematics and there is no argument about it. If you draw out more from your bank account than you put into it, the amount will be reduced—and in like manner so will you.

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Personal

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Will Hollywood Soon Be "To Let?"

(*Continued from page* 11)

Praised by producers and stars as the garden spot of the world . . . described by staunch supporters of the films as a peaceful little community of conscientious industry, it has also been defamed on the other hand by enemies of screenland as the Sodom and Gomorrah combined of the Twentieth Century.

The slightest item of news carrying a Hollywood date line generally reaches the front page of all newspapers, for the simple reason that so much has been said and written about the place that the whole world wants to hear every bit of fact, every bit of gossip, every bit of praise, and more than every bit of scandal that ever originates from the city of silver make-believe.

Because of the stories that have been woven about the film city, there are a thousand and one varying ideas as to the true character of the little village which gives to America more than two-thirds of its pictorial entertainment. On one side we hear that Hollywood is such an orderly community of movie workers that there is hardly any need for the sight of a policeman upon its mansion-lined avenues. Immediately afterwards we learn it is not safe for a young girl to walk the streets of Hollywood after sunset!

Not long ago the directors' association out there gave an elaborate ball. All of the famous folks of filmland were there, dancing and enjoying the lavish party in the very same spirit of pleasure and fun as you, or any other person, would enjoy a wonderful party. Suddenly, at the stroke of midnight, while the stirring dance music was in full swing, the police burst into the ballroom and demanded that the dancing cease immediately. Incensed at the forcible interruption of their fun, directors, stars, producers, and, in fact, nearly everyone present, entered a loud protest. But the police paid no heed. They literally pushed the guests off the floor, demanding that the music be sent home, and the place darkened.

Do you think that this true account of the affair was broadcasted around the country? Well, hardly! The insinuation in the majority of newspaper accounts was to the effect that the police broke up the dance because it turned into a wild party!

The above is one way that Hollywood has been falsely and unfairly glamorized. But it is a glamor which has no real connection with the silver magic which is its rightful possession—a magic which has brought happiness and entertainment to millions upon millions of movie fans all over the globe. It is this type of silver magic that all of fandom will be loath to see Hollywood lose if the exigencies of circumstances force producers to abandon the Hollywood area for a new place to set up their cameras!

Play Reviews

(*Continued from page* 15)

"OUR HOSPITALITY"

Starring Buster Keaton and His Family

Presented at the Rialto Theatre, New York, with a large cast headed by Buster Keaton, Natalie Talmadge Keaton, Joseph Keaton and Buster, Jr. A Metro picture.

Certainly "Our Hospitality" starts as a very serious drama in view of the fact that two men shoot each other dead as the result of a family feud. So much for the tragedy. Next we see New York in 1830 with the baby grown to manhood. Then the comedy starts. The funniest thing we have ever seen on the screen is Mr. Keaton's idea (we suppose it is his idea) of what a train looked like in those ancient days. Here is clever comedy indeed.

This is really a picture worth seeing. It is so entirely different from the usual comedy and contains so many quaint and amusing scenes that you cannot help but enjoy it. The last reel is particularly exciting.

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Thousands Have Proved That You Can Have a Clear Skin

Thousands of men and women in all parts of the U. S. and many foreign countries, who had given up after trying every conceivable method are now rejoicing in healthy, clear, attractive skins after using my delightful treatment a few days. These letters are typical of thousands.

Foreign Countries Like It, Too

Mr. Warren: Lingayen, Pangasinan.

Pardon me for not writing you immediately when I received your treatment and your letters. I am glad to inform you that your treatment has caused practically all the pimples on my face to vanish. I will tell my friends about this great improvement and get them to order from you.

Yours, JOSE S. ESPINO.

Removes Pimples in 8 Days

Dear Friend: Colorado, Texas.

I can't thank you enough for Clear-Pex. I have used it eight days and all of my pimples and blackheads are all gone nearly, and my face is smooth and soft. ALMA CORSTENSEN.

Cures Fourteen-Year-Old Girl

Dear Friend: Bay City, Mich.

I can't praise your Clear-Pex enough for what it has done for my 14-year-old daughter.

I felt that her looks were ruined for life till I began using Clear-Plex. Now her face is almost entirely well and she has a beautiful, clear, soft, velvety complexion. HATTIE JOHNSON.

Your Face Is Your Fortune

This old saying is literally true. An unsightly skin makes many an otherwise attractive man or woman a wall flower—makes them sensitive, embarrassed and repulses others. A fair, clear, soft, velvety skin draws friends to you and wins admiration, for beauty lies more in the complexion than in the features. Declare your independence today from your blemishes by using my wonderful home treatment.

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The Mail Man

(*Continued from page 20*)

At that instant Johnnie found himself illumined in a bright circle of light that fell about him like a halo. For a moment it left him sweeping the water nearby and then returned to hold him under a bright, unwinking gaze that grew greater as the moments passed.

The sound of a ship was now audible to Johnnie's ears. It seemed to be coming out of the darkness from the general direction recently covered by the *Enterprise*, and Johnnie slowly recognized it as the one whose lights he had watched from the upper deck while he had been taking his stroll.

Johnnie's problem of self-preservation was now solved for him, although, curiously, the dazed condition of his faculties had not admitted of any particular concern on this account. So great had been his anxiety over losing the bonds that all thought of his own safety was completely blotted out. And no sooner had he assured himself that the bag he carried was his own than the searchlight of the approaching vessel had flashed upon him.

Presently the steady, unwavering glow of the light apprised Johnnie that the vessel had stopped, and a short while later the clank of oarlocks told him that a ship's boat was approaching to pick him up. He marvelled at how calm he felt. As the boat drew near he ran over in his mind, now much clearer than before the recent course of events, and suddenly decided upon a strange course of action.

His first impulse had been to tell the men who rescued him the complete story of his assault and being thrown overboard, but second thought prompted him to remain silent. The enormous sum of money that he clutched in his arms was too great a temptation to lay before entire strangers.

The ship's boat neared him and a minute later he was hauled, dripping and gasping, over its side.

"WHAT yer got, matey?" a gruff voice inquired of him.

"My bag," Johnnie said weakly, lying exhausted on the bottom of the boat.

"Ho!" the voice exclaimed. "Take yer baggage with yer when yer go overboard, hey? Well, we'll see what the Captain has to say."

They pulled back toward the ship and, as they neared it, a voice hailed them from the deck above.

"What about the bag?" it called.

The gruff voice of the mate who had charge of the boat in which Johnnie lay held a trace of laughter as it answered.

"He's got a bag with him," he said.

The voice in the darkness swore with astonishment.

"Who the blazes is he?" it called. "The messenger himself?"

The mate did not answer and Johnnie suddenly became aware that the question directly concerned himself as the custodian of the bagful of bonds. Wiser than ever, he realized, had been his determination to keep the story of the whole affair to himself. These men . . . why, they were crooks! And the bonds he carried were in as great jeopardy as they were before.

Under the davits, he was helped up the ship's ladder and found himself a moment later confronted by a large man in a blue coat and a yachting cap, with a bristling brown mustache. It was no less a worthy than Captain Kranz.

"Aha!" the Captain grunted as Johnnie, dripping and shivering, stood before him. "So we have rescued you and your bag, eh, my friend?"

Johnnie thought hard and rapidly as he gazed back into the evil countenance of Kranz.

"I—I was a clerk on the *Enterprise*, and I stepped out on deck to get some air. I wasn't feeling well and, as I stepped over to the rail, I seemed to get dizzy and the next thing I knew, I was in the water. I must have fainted and fallen over the rail."

A moment of silence followed this statement of Johnnie's. As he stood there before Kranz, his bag containing the bonds was passed up along the ladder and deposited before the latter. The Captain eyed him searchingly and, although he looked puzzled, he seemed satisfied.

"Then how did you get this bag?" he demanded one foot rising and resting upon the suitcase.

"I don't know," Johnnie said. "I was swimming in the water when suddenly I bumped into it. That's all I know."

AGAIN Kranz considered him searchingly. "Did you see nothing of a feller with a bag on that boat, the *Enterprise?*" he asked.

Johnnie's wits worked like lightning.

"Yes," he retorted, "I saw him taking a walk forward with a bag just when I left the office to go to the rail."

Kranz nodded, evidently satisfied.

"All right, my friend," he said gruffly, "and I'm obliged to you for finding this bag. It's what I was looking for."

At last it was clear to Johnnie. This man and these men were accomplices of the desperado who had attacked him on the boat and hurled him into the water, and the object of the attack had been to gain possession of the bonds he carried. By no word or action, he realized, must his identity become known. Once they became aware that he was acquainted with the contents of the bag he carried, his life, he felt certain, would not be worth a nickel.

"You'd better go in the engine room and dry yourself, my friend," Kranz told him curtly.

Johnnie nodded and turned toward the middle section of the ship. He reached downward for the bag, but Kranz's foot again rose and descended upon it.

"That'll do, my friend," he said. "That bag is mine. I've paid you for finding it for me by saving your life."

MUCH as he hated to part company with his precious charge, Johnnie felt compelled to nod and pass on his way to the engine room. As he went down some iron steps to the latter, he passed the Captain's cabin and the radio room beyond.

The radio!

The thought dawned upon him like a flash of light. If he got a chance, he would send a call for help to some passing ship or to a distant naval station. On board the vessel was ten million dollars in government bonds, and this sum, he felt certain, was sufficient to send the whole Pacific fleet in pursuit of the *Shark*. He would bide his time until the opportunity arose for him to send the message.

Johnnie's head throbbed painfully from his injury. A bump had risen where he had been struck, and from his immersion in the ocean he felt weak and exhausted. He went forward and a friendly sailor told him where he was to sleep for the night. Very weak and tired, Johnnie tumbled into his berth and an instant later was sound asleep.

Morning found Johnnie refreshed and strengthened after his ordeal of the night before, and although his head was still sore, it no longer ached nor was he conscious of the weakness that had paralyzed his limbs on the night before.

He went into breakfast, and upon his return he met Captain Kranz on deck.

"You're a clerk, yes?" the Captain asked him.

"Yes, sir," Johnnie responded, hoping to avoid any feeling of hostility on Kranz's part.

"All right, then," Kranz added. "Go into the office and make out the ship's report. I'm short of a man to keep books, and the mate can't spell."

Johnnie went into the ship's office with a rapidly beating heart. Now, he felt almost certain, his opportunity had come. But he must guard against detection. He swung the cabin door at an angle so that a list of the ship would cause it to shut. Then, with a leap, he entered the radio room and tore the code book from its wall fastenings.

His rapidly turning fingers found the right place, and with throbbing pulses he deciphered the information he sought. Then, seizing the key to the instrument, he jerkily commenced to send a message:

"U. S. Mail—held—up. Search Shark."

The next instant he heard himself called from the doorway of the cabin. It was Captain Kranz.

What happened to Johnnie Morley, alone on the Pacific with a shipload of desperate criminals? Was his radio message received? And were the bonds recovered? Read the next smashing instalment in next week's Movie Weekly.

Everybody Loves a Fat Woman—In the Movies

(Continued from page 9)

This process is repeated for five mornings in succession. The early rising has already reduced our queen of the screen a good five pounds. She has begun to get the habit.

That's the way it starts. In a few months' time, early rising, plus the warmth of the Kleig lamps as they cast their glare upon Milady Fattyful, has brought her down to a fairly normal weight and she's ready to tell the whole world about how the Kleigs did the work.

Who Is the Girl on the Cover?

(Continued from page 17)

plain spinster who was the drudge of her sister's household, unloved, unwanted, unappreciated. Certainly not a role most screen actresses would covet!

But Lois played it! She deliberately made herself as unprepossessing and un-charming as the judicious use of make-up could transform her. And she played the role with such perfection that it was the talk of the picture season, and Lois established herself as one of the screen's first-rate actresses.

She had another of the "plain" girl roles in "Manslaughter"; she is one of the few actresses who is willing to subordinate personal charm to her work. Her ability is so highly esteemed that when Famous Players began casting "The Covered Wagon," their big picture of the year, Lois was assigned to the leading feminine role. And, as coincidence would have it, she again played with her first leading man—J. Warren Kerrigan—in what is considered one of the epics of the screen.

Her latest pictures are "Ruggles of Red Gap," "To the Last Man," "The Call of the Canyon," and "Pied Piper Malone," with Thomas Meighan.

* * * * *

Miss Wilson appears on the cover in a picture posed for the National Tuberculosis Association, which is a combination of twelve hundred organizations carrying on the sixteenth annual Christmas seal sale. So successful has been their war against the great white plague that the death rate from tuberculosis has been decreased from 200 per thousand miles, to 100. It is because of the tremendous cooperation this association has received that it has been enabled to do such a wonderful work.

Crashing the Studio Gate—In Hollywood

(Continued from page 8)

role of workers within the studio, approached the door. One of them mentioned in a loud voice that the air outside the building was so refreshing after a morning indoors. The temporary doorkeeper gave them a casual glance, satisfied that they were employees, and inside they passed!

Now, for girls or men possessing a certain spirit of adventure, and having the time and willingness to go through such maneuvers, the above means of getting by studio gates would be appealing. But, for a man or woman not given to adventuring, such means would not be so welcome.

Some people who are familiar with big names in movieland, approach a doorman and ask in an intimate manner of conversation concerning the whereabouts of movie men and women whom they know are not within the studio. They lead the talk to this point; perhaps Mr. ————, who was a bosom friend of so-and-so, may know where he is now. Often the doorman is liable to suggest seeing Mr. ————'s secretary or assistant to obtain any information available about the absent friend.

There are no hard and fast rules for crashing the gates of any studio. But if you are possessed of any inventive imaginary ability, you can usually discover some means, as these outlined here, which may take you past the guarded portals.

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Constipation	*Headache*	*Paralysis*	*Whooping Cough*
Deafness	*Goitre*	*Piles*	*Asthma*
Earache	*Insomnia*	*Rheumatism*	
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The Most Daring Book Ever Written!

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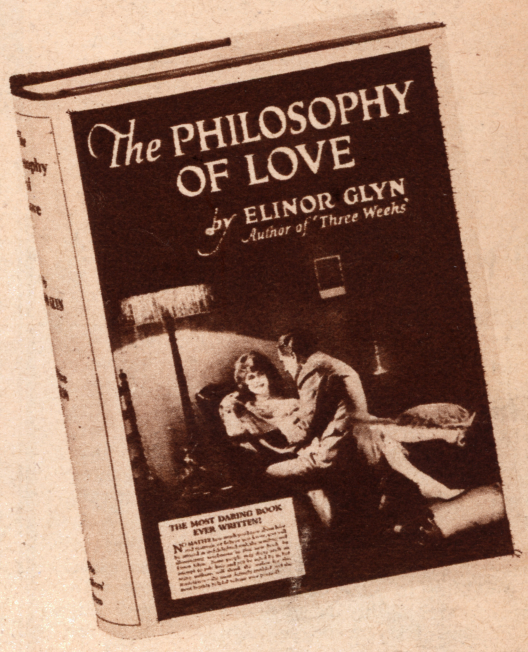

WILL you marry the man you love, or will you take the one you can get?

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Will you be able to hold the love of the one you cherish—or will your marriage end in divorce?

Do you know how to make people like you?

ELINOR GLYN
"The Oracle of Love"

IF you can answer the above questions—if you know all there is to know about winning a woman's heart or holding a man's affections—you don't need "The Philosophy of Love." But if you are in doubt—if you don't know just how to handle your husband, or satisfy your wife, or win the devotion of the one you care for—then you must get this wonderful book. You can't afford to take chances with your happiness.

What Do YOU Know About Love?

DO you know how to win the one you love? Do you know why husbands, with devoted, virtuous wives, often become secret slaves to creatures of another "world"—and how to prevent it? Why do some men antagonize women, finding themselves beating against a stone wall in affairs of love? When is it dangerous to disregard convention? Do you know how to curb a headstrong man, or are you the victim of men's whims? Do you know how to retain a man's affection always? How to attract men? How to make love keep you youthful and fresh? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you *MUST NOT DO* unless you want to be a "wall flower" or an "old maid"? Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do "wonderful lovers" often become thoughtless husbands soon after marriage—and how can the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

In "The Philosophy of Love," Elinor Glyn answers these precious questions—and countless others. She places a magnifying glass unflinchingly on the most intimate relations of man and women. No detail, no matter how delicate or avoided by others, is spared. She warns you gravely, she suggests wisely, she explains fully.

We admit that the book is decidedly daring. It had to be. A book of this type, to be of great value, could not mince words. But while Madame Glyn calls a spade a spade—while she deals with strong emotions and passions in her frank, fearless manner—she nevertheless handles her subject so tenderly and sacredly that the book can safely be read by any grown-up man or woman. In fact, anyone over eighteen should be *compelled* to read "The Philosophy of Love"; for, while ignorance may sometimes be bliss, it is folly of the rankest sort to be ignorant of the problems of love and marriage. As one mother wrote us: "I wish I had read this book when I was a young girl—it would have saved me a lot of misery and suffering."

Certain self-appointed censors may condemn "The Philosophy of Love." Anything of such an unusual character generally is. But Madame Glyn is content to rest her world wide reputation on this book—the greatest masterpiece of love ever attempted!

What Every Man and Woman Should Know

- —how to win the man you love.
- —how to win the girl you want.
- —how to hold your husband's love.
- —how to make people admire you.
- —why men "step out" and leave their wives alone.
- —why many marriages end in despair.
- —how to hold a woman's affection.
- —how to keep a husband home nights.
- —why most women don't know how to make love.
- —things that turn men against you.
- —how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon.
- —the "danger year" of married life.
- —how to ignite love—how to keep it flaming
- —how to rekindle it if burnt out.
- —how to cope with the "hunting instinct" in men.
- —how to attract people you like.
- —why some men and women are always lovable, regardless of age.
- —how to make love keep you young.
- —must all men be either "dubs" or devils?
- —how to increase your desirability in a man's eye.
- —how to tell if someone really loves you.
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